THE LIVING AGE

MONTHLY EDITION

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1925

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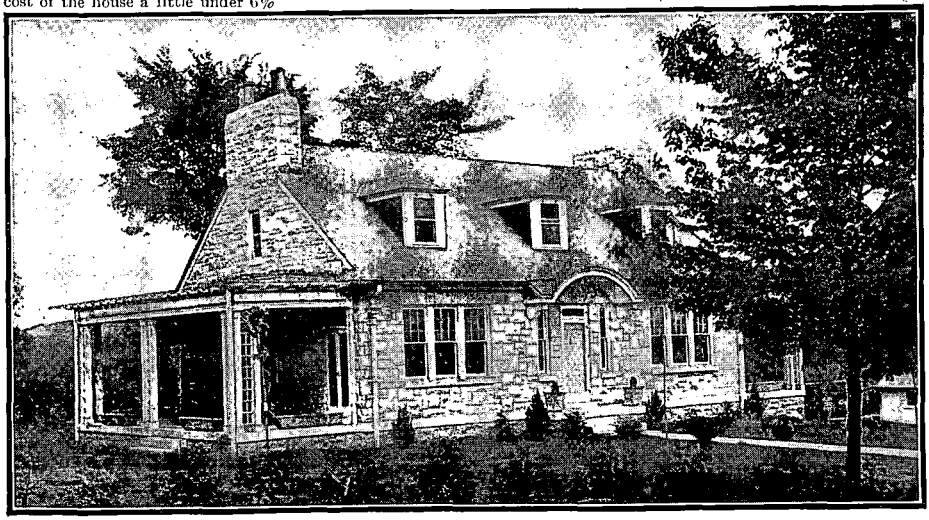

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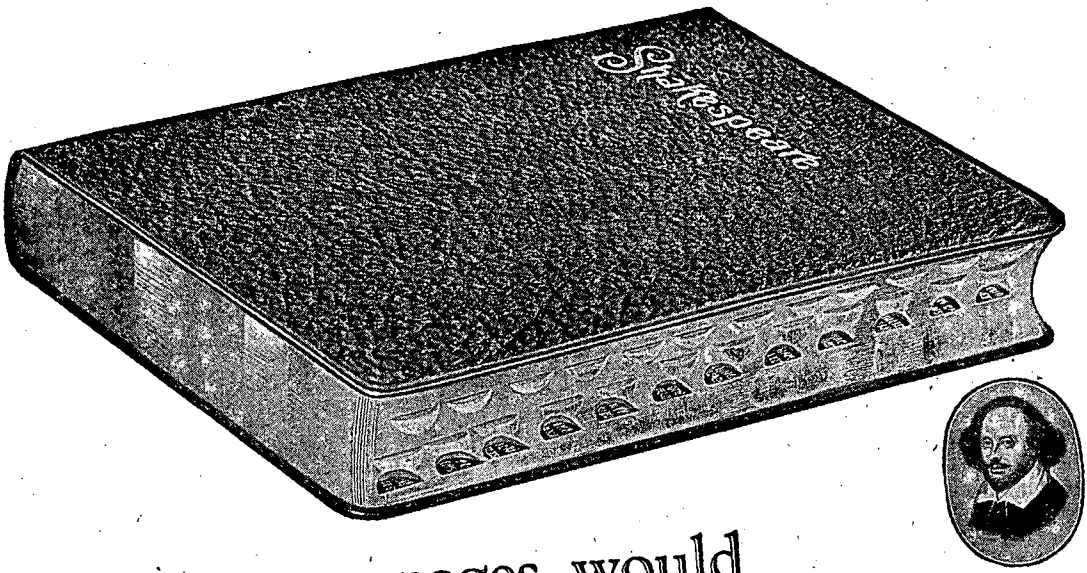

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This Week

The wistful faith of all good Liberals that there are two sides to every question and that the truth lies exactly halfway between them suffers a terrible jolt every time Mussolini's name is mentioned. This arrogant person has spent his entire life hopping from band-wagon to band-wagon and playing every instrument from the bass drum to the piccolo. But what irritates broad-minded people about the Fascist leader is not his narrow-mindedness so much as his resourcefulness and success. As if anybody in this best of all possible worlds ever got anywhere by being tolerant and generous — except of course in our own country, where the son of a farmer can rise to the Presidency on sheer merit.

* * *

The correspondent of *Le Correspondant* corresponds to our own Warren Harding, whose 'Government is, after all, a comparatively easy matter,' will be remembered long after Voltaire's remark, attributed to Louis XIV, '*L'état, c'est moi*,' is forgotten. Like our late President, this gentleman finds good-will everywhere—even in a German discussing France.

* * *

Here, girls, is what you have been waiting for. Queen Marie of Rumania, the best-dressed woman in Europe, tells you all about modern fashions. In such matters she is something of a mild reservationist, believing that even a young girl could leave a little to the imagination without losing a bit of what Freud and the author of *The Sheik* would call her sex appeal.

* * *

Pearl S. Buck warns us against being taken in by the infinite subtlety of the Chinese mind. Just because the girls are bobbing their hair and the young men are wearing fancy woolen socks and broad pants there is no reason to suppose that Asia is following Hollywood and our larger universities down the rose-strewn path to perdition.

* * *

'The Triumph of the Jungle' is a decidedly knowing treatise on jazz. The author, Mr. Jaap Kool, confesses that a Paul Whiteman record makes a new man of him, though his neighbors complain that before the tune is over he is shouting the name of the periodical to which he contributes — *Uhu*. Be that as it may, the *Living Age* hereby submits as a slogan for National Music Week, 'Keep Kool with Coolidge.'

* * *

The unfortunate Mr. K. Hapsburg, late Emperor of what used to be Austria Hungary in the pre-millennium days, tells how that weather-beaten old mariner Admiral Horthy refused to let him assume the Hungarian throne. The high point of this sensational story is reached in the dialogue between Horthy and his royal ruler, which sounds more like a scene in Your Uncle Moe's Pawnshop than a conversation between royalty and the commander of the most formidable fleet of coal-barges in Central Europe.

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tendency	class	capitalist	revolution
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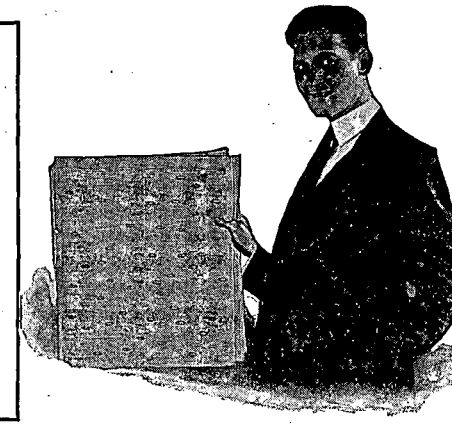
contraction	industrial	inspection	conference
theory	interest	problem	delegate
absolute	organization	commissioner	historical
dictator	department	naturally	consequence
political	creature	liberal	ideal
social	confiscate	aspiration	action
ethical	character	aristocracy	agitation
practical	person	element	imperial
ignore	demonstration	constellation	situation



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THE LIVING AGE

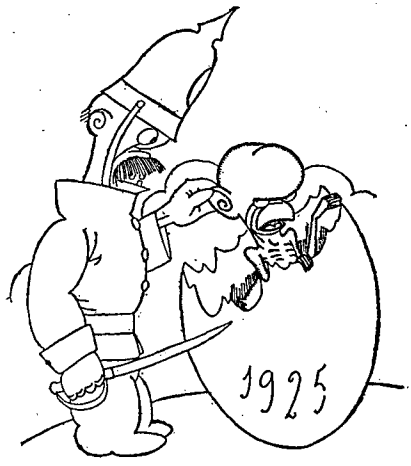
VOL. 324 — *FEBRUARY 7, 1925* — NO. 4205

A YEAR AND A MONTH ABROAD

COUÉISM is a venerable recourse of rulers. We can well imagine that its practice was known in the thronerooms of Chaldean Ur, and to the predecessors of King Tutankhamen and the earliest emperors in the valley of the Yellow River. Quite possibly, therefore, it helps to explain the spirit of optimism that cheers most of the European reviews of 1924. To be sure, there are some discordant notes. The Tory *Saturday Review* of London, uncomforted by its Party's recent victory, sees upon the horizon only clouds unrelieved by silver linings, and greets the New Year with the following lament:—

> Surveying our modern world, what do we see? Uneasiness everywhere, vague dissatisfaction, desperate introspection. Doubt is the prevailing feature of the landscape. . . .
>
> The unfortunate Cologne episode has revived in large measure those rancors which the London Agreement seemed to have dispelled. . . . The Interallied Debt question has been dragged out in all its crudity into the cruel light of Franco-American controversy, the recent French overtures in Washington having served no purpose but to deepen American suspicion that France's idea of paying a debt is to get it canceled. Italy is at the most critical moment of her history since the war. The Austrian problem is, to put it mildly, still unsolved, and Yugoslavia, which under a respectable government would soon become one of the richest countries in Europe, hovers on the verge of civil war. Add to this catalogue the mere mention of Morocco and Albania, and the result is a hotchpotch that the heartiest optimist could hardly contemplate without misgiving.

From Spain we may expect a more plausible pessimism. Bagaría in *El Sol* represents the reluctant New Year as



'sabotaging' in its shell, and emerging only when forced to by a gendarme.

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But happily this hypochondria is exceptional. Unquestionably the world's better mood, as compared with a year ago, is founded on a feeling of growing material well-being — of national and international economic recovery, partly due to America's financial aid. J. L. Garvin's farewell to 1924 in the London *Observer* contains this striking sentence: 'One might say that the dome of the Capitol out-tops the world, and if the dome were of gold instead of iron the symbol would be still apter.' And the *Daily Chronicle* chimes in: 'The power of Rome and Carthage was small compared with that which America wields to-day. All this power, too, has been won, not by the sword, not by physical conquest, but by a new kind of Imperialism peculiar to our industrial epoch — Economic Imperialism.'

Great Britain's double swing from a Conservative to a Labor Ministry and back again has afforded an opportunity for the irony of politics to assert itself. The Labor Party, which owes its existence mainly to domestic and social ills, signalized its term of office by brilliant achievements in international affairs, but did practically nothing to solve the pressing questions at home which vitally concern its members. Now the Conservatives are addressing themselves more constructively and energetically than their predecessors to the solution of crucial domestic problems like housing and unemployment; but they have rapidly multiplied points of friction with their foreign neighbors. Mr. Churchill has added a drop of acrimony to the troublesome controversy over the Interallied debts; the resumed project for a Singapore naval base has offended Japan; we ourselves have the opium controversy on our hands; the retention of Cologne has not bettered relations with Germany; and in Egypt, India, and elsewhere a spirit of unrest and antagonism has been revived. Partly this is the logical result of Unionist effort to draw closer the bonds of empire. Professor Alfred Zimmern, writing in the Labor *Daily Herald*, predicts that the present Conservative policy will fail in this.

There have been two British Empires before the present Commonwealth. The first came to an end with the Declaration of American Independence. In the nineteenth century the British Empire, like Mr. Baldwin, was given 'a second chance.' It used its chance wisely and well. We enjoyed supremacy at sea and did not abuse it; and we evolved the system of Colonial self-government under which the Dominions have grown up into equal, self-respecting nations. During the last ten years two things have happened. We have lost our naval supremacy and adopted instead an international system of defense, by partnership with the League of Nations and with the United States. And, secondly, we have recognized that the Dominions have come of age and that the other communities in our imperial system have a right to the same natural process of development. These two changes, rightly understood, have transformed the British Empire into a British Commonwealth of Nations.

Professor Zimmern believes that the British Government cannot retrace its steps and return to the nineteenth-century system. That is no longer possible militarily, navally, economically, or financially.

The London *Outlook* predicts that 'politically the feature of the coming year will be the restoration of imperial preferences,' adding that 'Free Trade in the old orthodox sense of the word has gone'; but it does not believe that the form of insular protection camouflaged as 'safeguarding industry' will receive serious support. Furthermore, imperial policies are no longer a question for London's sole decision. This was brought sharply to the attention of the Cabinet when certain tentative

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ideas broached by Downing Street with regard to an imperial conference authorized to consider, among other things, 'the adequacy of the present system of consultation on matters of foreign policy and general imperial interest' received a chilly reception from the Dominions.

Ireland, with the experience of three years of self-government behind her, seems to be opening a new political chapter. The passing of the *Freeman's Journal*, founded at Dublin in 1763, — more than a decade before the American colonies declared their independence, — is a symbol of the changes that are occurring. The Free State Party, which seems to have little promise of winning the next election, shows signs of fission into a majority Left closer to the Republicans than the present Party, and a minority Right, possibly reënforced by the old Loyalists, who will uphold a Dominion status.

While the English-speaking nations stand increasingly aloof from international entanglements, the rest of the world is feverishly searching for alliances. Germany is coquetting with the League. The Danube Valley is drawing together commercially under economic pressure, despite the hostilities of its discordant nationalities. Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Rumania are thought to have reached a closer understanding, inspired by their common fear of Bolshevism. It is not unlikely that the recent Communist outbreak in Esthonia will encourage more intimate coöperation among the Baltic States. Japan, Russia, and China may overcome their mutual aversions sufficiently to form a triple alliance in the Far East — partly directed against America. The Latin-American republics are groping toward some form of association and are being plied with pan-Spanish and pan-Latin propaganda. When Western civilization under the French flag has spread — at least superficially — over all Northern and Central Africa, South America's east coast will be brought both commercially and psychologically nearer to Europe than at present; in the same way that her west coast has been brought closer to us by the Panama Canal.

Much of this rapprochement, however, is cultural and commercial rather than political and military. Seldom, if ever, have so many commercial treaties been concluded within an equal period as during the past twelve months. Probably the most important of these is between Germany and Great Britain. France and Germany are still negotiating, mainly because in this instance a political issue is involved. Since she has recovered Alsace-Lorraine, France produces annually five million tons more raw iron and steel than she can use at home, but Germany, instead of patronizing the furnaces across the frontier, has supplied her wants by smelting imported ore. This leaves France with a surplus that she cannot easily sell and that is depressing the domestic market. France labors under a disadvantage in commercial bargaining with other industrial countries because she produces so many things, like fine textiles, unmanufactured iron and steel, and wines, that her wealthier neighbors cannot or will not use.

Possibly the outstanding international achievement of 1924 in the eyes of future historians will be the Peace Protocol adopted at the last League Assembly in Geneva. If ratified by the Great Powers, this accord may make the League a true supergovernment. But there are obstacles in the way of its application. Some of the British Dominions have refused to accept further obligations under the League, and the British Ministry, despite official professions, may not look with favor upon a device that looks toward placing

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the control of world affairs in the hands of Continental Europe. Meanwhile the Continental countries themselves seem to be drifting, though with much hesitation, toward the Protocol idea. France is its champion. Germany has addressed to the League Council a note which adds to her recent overtures for admission to that body, in which she raises the point that, being effectively disarmed, she cannot obligate herself to assist in enforcing the Protocol against a recalcitrant member of the League. 'If the measures provided in Article 16 should lead to military action, Germany is unable to protect herself effectively from a military invasion of her territories.' Mussolini, speaking in Parliament last December at the time when the League Council was still sitting in Rome, characterized the document as 'something of a lyric and evanescent character to which Italy has not for the present attached her signature.' But the suggestion that the Protocol be rejected outright has not been raised from any responsible quarter, Governmental or journalistic, and the project has so many ardent friends that it will hardly be allowed to 'die in committee.' An independent disarmament congress under Washington auspices is still in prospect; indeed, it may be a fundamental condition of America's whole-hearted economic coöperation in Europe.

Both Spain and Italy have had a year of disillusionment, but while Spain's self-appointed governors have been trying to get rid of their unwelcome and embarrassing authority without success, the rulers — or ruler — of Italy have devoted themselves largely to defending their position. The Spanish Directory's achievements, such as they are, have been chiefly at home, in putting the administration upon a more efficient and economical basis. Abroad, it has had a year of successive defeats. The Paris Conference decided against Spain's claims to Tangier, and as all the world knows, she has utterly failed in Morocco. Mussolini, on the other hand, has been reasonably successful abroad. He has recovered Fiume, concluded an agreement with Yugoslavia that relaxes the long-existing tension with that neighbor, and has satisfactorily settled with Great Britain the delimitation of the territories claimed by the two countries in Africa. But the moral prestige of the Fascist régime is so seriously shaken that it can hardly endure. A picture of the session of Parliament which forced against the vehement protests of a Fascisti majority the resignation of the Vice-President of the Chamber, the Fascist Giunta, after the disclosure of his illegal acts, shows what moral duress can do even under a despotic régime. Venerable ex-Premier Giolitti and ex-Premier Orlando, followed by other statesmen whose influence and authority were supreme in Italy for a generation, and who had hitherto supported Mussolini's Government, rose one after another and declared that they would never again enter the Chamber as long as the offending member retained his mandate. Nor is it likely that a Government which feels that it must suppress criticism by force in order to exist can long survive in modern Europe. The following press dispatch in the London *Times*, describing the reappearance of the Opposition newspapers in January, presents a picture of this situation: —

After having been suppressed for seven days, the *Giustizia* and the *Avanti* reappeared this morning, naturally without any articles on internal affairs. The *Giustizia* prints a long review of foreign affairs, and the *Avanti* gives prominence to a series of dispatches from various provincial towns about the price of bread, which is being raised everywhere by the communal coun-

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cils. No Opposition journal in any part of Italy comments on the internal situation. Yesterday the *Mondo* came out, in four pages only, with a long description of the fête of the Epiphany. It did not publish a line of comment or a single item of news. The *Subalpino*, of Cuneo, prints the first chapter of the Bible in the column usually occupied by the leading article.

Monarchy lost ground in Europe during 1924, although the year closes with renewed activity in Hungary in favor of the Hapsburgs and electoral evidence of the persistence of strong Royalist sentiment in Germany. But Greece has become a republic, and Republican sentiment is growing in Spain — even in the army, because Alfonso has staked his fortunes on the Directory and shares its growing unpopularity.

The rally against Communism in the Balkans which has brought Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Rumania together — incidentally isolating Greece more completely than hitherto — is also directed against the Green International — the agrarians and the peasants — in all three countries. In fact, the official Balkan press not infrequently brackets Bolsheviki and agrarians together in its editorial denunciations. This runs contrary, however, to the sentiment and policies of the dominant member of the Little Entente, Czechoslovakia, which is proceeding more resolutely than its neighbors on the path of land reform — partly because many of her great landlords are Austrians; and is not unfriendly to Moscow. Poland, which is fighting Communist disorders fomented by hostile national minorities along her eastern frontier, has suspended her projects for land reform under the Grabski Ministry — the longest-lived Cabinet since the Republic was established. Poland's outstanding achievement during the past year has been the restoration of her currency to a gold par basis.

In Russia Lenin's death bequeathed a heritage of doctrinal discord to the Bolsheviki. These disputes, which have resulted in the practical elimination of Trotskii from Communist councils, have preoccupied the Soviet leaders at a time when more pressing problems — at least to matter-of-fact Western eyes — were urgently calling for attention. Russia's economic recovery is exceedingly slow. Out of a cloud of confusing testimony, one substantial fact emerges: in spite of local betterment due largely to the resilience of an agricultural population left mostly to its own devices, her industrial rehabilitation has hardly begun. But the Bolsheviki seem to be dealing more liberally and wisely with the nationality question than are Russia's Western neighbors. They are thus preparing the ground for future influence in every border country having an Irredentist population; and they are making moral conquests in Central and Eastern Asia. Russia is also slowly resuming her place in the community of nations, though so long as her rulers follow the policy once announced by Trotskii, 'We make no wars, but we conclude no peaces,' — that is, no social peaces, — her relations with the Western Powers will not be normal.

Friends of New Turkey interpret the change of Ministries at Angora as proof that parliamentary institutions are taking root in that country. At least the overthrow of Ismet Pasha represents a victory for public opinion. Meanwhile the exchange of populations between Turkey and Greece, while creating grave economic problems for both countries, is at least an improvement upon the massacres of two years ago. A Near Eastern correspondent of *Kölnische Zeitung* declares in his review of conditions during 1924 that the significant feature of the last twelve months is a renewed insurgency of

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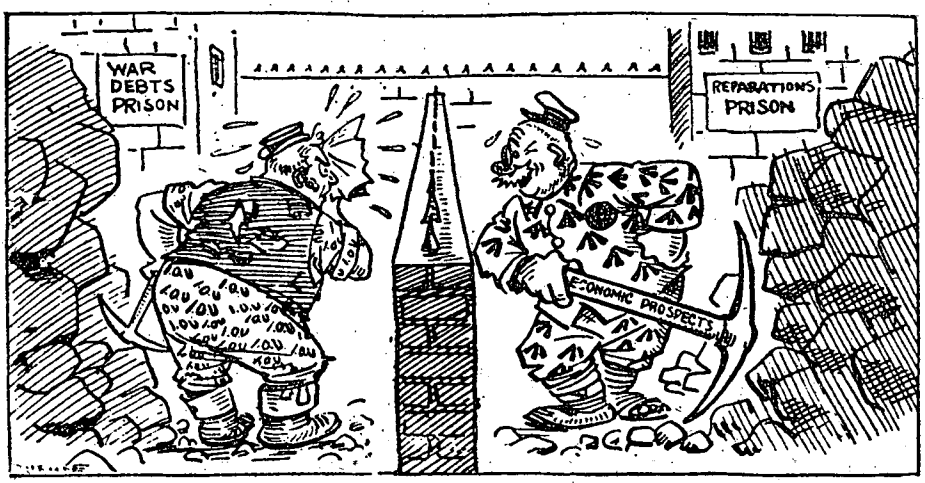
the Mohammedan peoples around the Mediterranean against the West. The successful resistance of the Moors in Morocco and Turkey's recovered prestige have encouraged dreams of independence among all the Mohammedans living under Christian flags. Mr. Spender, writing in the *Westminster Gazette*, declares that the Eastern peoples are demanding to-day not only political institutions but a new social status vis-à-vis the Europeans, and that, so long as the present racial estrangement endures, no mechanical political remedy will remove the existing grievances. India is only beginning to appreciate the complexity of her own problems, as the debates of her national conventions and congresses disclose. Gandhi, though he still enjoys the affection and respect of his fellow countrymen, is no longer accepted as their political guide. Less idealistic and harder-headed leaders are coming to the fore. In China intrigue and counter-intrigue continue to cloud true conditions, and rumors of an early political clarification there are to be received with skepticism. Her people are being sedulously plied with anti-European and American propaganda from two directions, Japan and Russia; and there is evidence that this propaganda is succeeding. Sun Yat Sen, the Canton leader, and many of the Peking intellectuals frankly sympathize with Bolshevism — or are courting Russia through Bolshevism. In Northern and Central China the pro-Japanese Anfu Party is on top. A vigorous movement, of which we shall have more to say later, has been started against missionary education. But meanwhile China's trade is expanding, Western material civilization is making new conquests, and in spite of floods, fighting, and banditry, the nation as a whole is moving forward. Japan is passing through a crisis of pessimistic introspection, precipitated by economic depression and wounded national pride. Our exclusion policy will never be forgiven, because it involves the fundamental issue of racial discrimination. England's decision to establish a naval stronghold at Singapore has made Anglo-Saxon encirclement seem very real to the Japanese; and their press is asking with deep concern if Japan is doomed to sink to the status of a minor Power.



THE MAN WHO WON: "How long are you in for?"
THE MAN WHO DIDN'T: "Midt goot luck I shall be free in a few years—and you?"
THE MAN WHO WON: "Oh! I'm in for life!"

—*Daily Express, London.*

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GERMANY'S POLITICAL LINE-UP — AND ITS POSSIBILITIES

BY * * *

From *Le Correspondant, November 25*
(Liberal Catholic Semimonthly)

[In view of the probability that Germany will have a Right-Centre Coalition Cabinet this winter, the following extracts from a French account of German Conservative tendencies is of special interest.]

In a general way, the relations of our two countries have become perceptibly easier, so that we can now look forward to a gradual disarmament of sentiment, which is an indispensable condition of our mutual security. This feeling has been voiced in all the great German dailies except those of the extreme Right . . . but the Parties of the Left seem to claim a monopoly of it, as a sort of hunting-preserve for their exclusive benefit. Their press adopts an attitude of intolerant proprietorship toward all expressions of international good-will. It strives to engross all the credit for the better feeling between France and Germany, as if that were the peculiar achievement of the Social-Democrat and Democratic Parties. It ignores the Centre Party, which has always been a leader in this movement.

All the labor of the Centre Party in behalf of the Weimar Constitution, — of which it was the principal author, — its initiative in the policy of fulfilling the Treaty; its endorsement of the Dawes Plan, the services of its political leaders like Erzberger and ex-Chancellor Wirth, — both of whom showed qualities of civic courage rare in Germany, — its two and a half million Democratic Trade-Unionists . . . count for nothing. . . . That Party is never mentioned in enumerating the Democratic and *anti-revanche* forces in Germany.

It is truly said that two Germanys exist, each holding about the same number of seats in the Reichstag; but the Germany of the Left has not the eminent men, the political experience, the public confidence, or the financial resources enjoyed by the Germany of the Right. The Centre Party, on account of the classes from which it draws its strength and its traditional policies, stands virtually at the geometrical centre of German political life. It is the arbiter between the two Germanys.

I purposely omit from the roster of important German Parties the *Deutsche Freiheitspartei*, which is composed of extremists with a Fascist programme that does not inspire confidence. Most Nationalists expect little from it politically — at least just now. The two Parties of the Right that really count represent a very different attitude.

First is the People's Party — led by Stresemann, who has been associated with the recent Cabinets. It embraces many of the great manufacturers of the Ruhr. It has accepted the Dawes Plan, it endorses the greater part of that Plan, and it is, either voluntarily or by force of circumstances, a supporter of the present Constitution. At least it has

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evaded the constitutional issue by saying that as things are at present it does not contemplate restoring a monarchy, because it believes such a step impracticable.

Public opinion in France is directed especially against the other great Party of the Right, the German Nationalists. They personify in its eyes the ancient régime, the people who want to overturn the Republic in order to set up a monarchy, the spirit of revenge, secret organizations, camouflaged preparation for war — in a word, a policy definitely and inflexibly hostile to France.

First of all, is there a clear line of demarcation between the People's Party and the Nationalists? Most Germans and many well-informed Frenchmen think there is not. Both Parties are led by wealthy middle-class citizens, or by men who have inherited rank or fortune. But the leaders of the People's Party are mostly business men accustomed to bargaining and compromises and to dealing with the working people. Consequently they are less doctrinaire and intractable in opinions and policies than the traditionalists, the agrarians, the high officials, the retired officers, and the type of intellectuals who lead the Nationalist Party. The latter are keenly conscious that their class is held largely responsible for Germany's defeat; but their personal pride prevents their admitting the imputation. Members of both Conservative Parties, however, stand for German order, — *die Ordnung*, — for stern, old-fashioned Prussian discipline, for a social hierarchy, for a bureaucratic State; and they consequently criticize parliamentary institutions, which they consider incompatible with efficient administration. They will be monarchist the moment they believe that a restoration of the sovereign will likewise restore peace, international prestige, and prosperity to Germany. Both Parties are laboring constantly to end the French occupation and to limit payments under the Dawes Plan to a fixed term of years — although the Nationalists are the only ones who venture to say so publicly.

To sum the situation up with a word, both the great Conservative Parties are, in a general way, hostile to France, but only the Nationalists are in favor of an immediate restoration of the monarchy. Stresemann, the leader of the People's Party, has been trying for several months to form a bourgeois bloc to control the application of the Dawes Plan, on the ground that it will be dangerous to share responsibility for that operation with the working classes. He is also intent on getting into his hands the Government of Prussia, which has been dominated for a long time by its Minister of the Interior, Severing, who is a hard-headed, heavy-fisted Social-Democrat. . . .

One's total impression of Germany is of a country in process of rapid evolution at home and in a state of instability abroad. Her bourgeoisie and Socialists, her Monarchists and Republicans, are fighting for supremacy. They form two clans of about equal strength in the Reichstag, and the Right, even when in a minority, is a force to be reckoned with — particularly since the Dawes Plan imposes restrictions and burdens that every German citizen will sooner or later feel in his own person, and that will make political capital for its opponents. Furthermore, Germany, bereft of part of her territories and of all her colonies, with Irredentist populations living beyond every frontier, encircled by armed enemies, impoverished and humiliated, controlled and occupied by foreigners, and physically disarmed, — whatever the French press may say, — is in a state of moral insurrection

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against the Versailles Treaty and against France as its uncompromising executor. Placed in the very heart of Central Europe, which clearly has not yet assumed its final form, the nation cannot settle down. Her thinkers and her statesmen are restlessly seeking some betterment of her situation. . . .

We have every reason to suppose, consequently, that even the Democratic Germany of to-morrow will be forced to adopt most of the Nationalist theses so far as they relate to war guilt, the French occupation, Reparations charges, and the like. In a word, nothing can be accomplished toward bringing the two countries permanently together by agreements between particular classes, by understandings between their respective Radicals and Socialists, or between their Socialists and Pacifists. Security demands an agreement between the nations as a whole. . . . Such general coöperation between France and Germany can be brought about only by identifying both their economic and their political interests. As Professor Horneffer of the University of Giessen, in a thoughtful and widely read book entitled *Drei Wege* (Three Ways), well argues, the first step should be a Zollverein and a common foreign policy embracing the two countries. That is what France should have insisted upon in 1918, instead of demanding of Germany complete disarmament, acknowledgment of her war guilt, and the payment of an indemnity of indefinite size and unspecified duration.

FASCISM ON TRIAL

BY TWO ITALIAN LIBERALS

From *Review of Reviews, January* 15
(London Liberal Monthly)

[The anonymous authors of this article are two young Italian writers whose position and experience thoroughly qualify them to explain the causes of the Fascist movement and to describe its practical effects.]

Foreign observers of the position in Italy base their judgment on four or five points which may be put thus:—

1. Italy fought a victorious war into which the great majority of the nation entered fully for the first time in its history;

2. After the war the pernicious influence of subversive elements brought on disturbances, strikes, and attempts at revolt that seemed to portend an inevitable Bolshevist revolution;

3. Against this danger a group of ex-soldiers took violent action. Small at first, this group succeeded in gaining the support of a broad current of public opinion and in overcoming once for all the peril of an upheaval;

4. Having crushed the subversive elements, the youth of Italy, represented by Fascism, guided by the genius of Mussolini, and recognizing the incapacity of the old ruling classes, took possession of the Government by a march on Rome that seemed

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consonant with the traditions of the Italian *Risorgimento;*

5. In the exercise of power, Fascism succeeded in restoring prestige and authority to the State, and order, peace, and prosperity to the country; and it is now renewing the foundations of Italian social and political life.

The picture presented by these five points is incomplete, and in many respects misleading. Outside Italy it is still held in some quarters to be true; yet even there the assassination of Signor Matteotti last June and the revelations which followed it have, to some extent, shaken confidence.

The crisis that followed the war was not confined to Italy, though in other countries with stronger political organizations and firmer constitutional traditions its effects were less severe. Italy was reconstituted as a united State little more than fifty years ago, after a thousand years of servitude. She lacked the ruling middle class which economic and political conditions had formed in other European countries. The various Italian regions differed from each other in climate, history, population, and in agricultural or industrial productivity. The war, long and terrible, left germs of profound disagreement which were bound to develop as soon as the pressure of hostilities should cease. Thus the Italian crisis acquired proportions such as to suggest the likelihood of a revolutionary outburst.

One characteristic feature of this crisis was the position of the lower-middle class, — clerks, small landowners, tradesmen, and unemployed professional men, — who had taken an active part in the war but could not resign themselves to a peace that disappointed their vague political aspirations and sent them back to modest lives in shop or office. Indeed, the tragedy of the Italian situation resolves itself largely into the tragedy of this class which, economically impotent, compressed between the plutocracy and the rich upper-middle class on the one hand, and the proletariat on the other, succeeded, at one stroke and notwithstanding its intellectual insufficiency, in taking possession of power without having either the training or the capacity to wield it. The excesses and agitations of the post-war period were due as much to this class as to the working class proper. A typical example was the Fiume adventure. It marked the first attack upon the authority of the State, an attack raising issues the more delicate because of the active part played in it by forces belonging to the regular army.

Concurrently with this crisis in the lower-middle class came an increase in the political influence of the industrial and rural working classes. At the general election of October 1919 the masses of the people rallied to the idea of a united Italian State for the first time, albeit in somewhat tumultuous fashion. They followed two great currents — those of evolutionary Socialism and of Christian Democracy. An epidemic of strikes and industrial troubles induced superficial observers to imagine that in 1919–1920 a revolutionary period had set in. This myth, for it is a myth, was adopted by the Fascist movement in order to convince the world that, if there was not a revolution, the credit for preventing it belonged exclusively to Fascist violence. In reality, the revolutionary verbiage, which sought grossly to interpret the confused aspirations of wage-earners who had been lulled during the hard years of war with the hope of better conditions of life, covered a movement attributable mainly to the fall in the purchasing power of money during a period of fleeting prosperity.

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There is a curious paradox about these years. Whereas the middle and upper-middle classes, which were politically in power, believed that the country was on the eve of a revolutionary movement, the working class took none of the opportunities for such a movement, though there were many. The lower-middle class, however, profited by this paradox. It naturally resented the increase of working-class influence. Therefore it espoused the cause of the upper-middle class and took advantage of the tactical mistakes of the working-class leaders, and of strikes and delays in the railways and the public services, to cover its aims with an idealist varnish. The working classes, who had borne their full share of the war, were accused of lacking patriotism, and a blind eye was turned to the shortcomings of which the upper-middle class had been guilty, during the war and immediately after it, by profiteering, excessive luxury, and hunting for soft billets. The incipient Fascist movement was thus strengthened. It became still stronger when the land-owning class perceived the use it could make of Fascism. The sons of big landed proprietors captained in many cases 'punitive expeditions' against the agricultural coöperative societies, peasant leagues, and chambers of labor, and managed to restore a sort of feudal domination.

This was the so-called 'heroic period' of Fascism in which, with the help of the Government and the complicity of the police and the magistrature, a systematic offensive was launched, especially in northern and central Italy, against the institutions and organizations which the working classes had built up by twenty years of effort. The wonderful network of consumers' and producers' coöperative societies, which had been admired by students of sociology throughout the world, was destroyed in a few months so systematically as to warrant something more than a suspicion that the devastation corresponded to the precise interest of those whom coöperative competition threatened. This violence is excused on the plea that it was necessary to stop a revolution — an excuse that is contrary to the truth. The Fascist movement became violent after, not before, the moderate elements in the Italian working-class movement had gained the upper hand. For instance, more than 2,000,000 trade-unionists belonging to the General Federation of Labor remained loyal to the nonrevolutionary Socialist leaders whose influence had acted as a brake; and on this account those leaders were denounced as traitors by the Italian Communists. The legend that Fascist violence prevented a revolution was used to hide the fact that the Italian working classes had already convinced themselves of the futility of revolution.

It was at this moment that Mussolini became the central figure in the Fascist movement. He was singularly fortunate. First among the political men of Italy he contrived to focus upon his person the attention of the whole world. Certainly he is no ordinary type, though he is a true representative of the Italian lower-middle class and of its narrow outlook. A son of the troublous province of Romagna, which for centuries has been noted for the asperity of its political struggles, and has been, during the past thirty years, a sort of laboratory for the most diverse political experiments, he, like most men of his generation, went through the Socialist mill. In his confused and romantic mind — that of a small country school-teacher — the dullish doctrines of orthodox Socialism as held in Lombardy were transformed by an unusual vigor and by an almost physical need of domina-

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tion. The outcome was a sort of insurrectionary creed, a grotesque synthesis of antimilitarism, antipatriotism, glorification of violence and even of regicide.

Mussolini cannot be understood unless it is realized that in him passion almost always prevails over reason. He is capable of compromising a whole political movement for the sake of personal affection or hatred. He managed to dominate Italian Socialism from 1912 to 1914, though he took advantage of the struggle for intervention in the war to break with Socialism and to satisfy his desire for violent action by advocating what he called a 'war of revolution.' From the war, in which he took part, Mussolini returned intellectually unemployed. Excluded from the Socialist Party, to which he would fain have returned, but desirous of leading the masses once more, he sought to exploit post-war discontent by means of the Fascist programme of 1919, in which sheer Socialist demands such as the overthrow of the Monarchy, a Constituent Assembly, the abolition of the Senate, the impounding of excess war-profits and of Diocesan funds, a capital levy, the partition of landed estates among the peasants, workmen's control of factories, were united to vaguely Nationalist aims. Up to the autumn of 1920 this demagogic programme, which, like all the successive Mussolinian programmes, lumped together incompatible demands, had only won the support of a few thousand ex-soldiers of the lower-middle class. At the general election of 1919 Mussolini himself got less than 5000 votes at Milan, as compared with hundreds of thousands given to the candidates of other parties. Yet Mussolini had not hesitated to recommend the most 'advanced' ideas. In July 1919 he incited the masses to pillage shops. In September 1920 he showed no disapproval of the seizure of factories by the Communists. He demanded also an amnesty for deserters — as Signor Matteotti proved in the Italian Chamber a few days before the Fascisti did him to death.

It was not until the end of 1920 and the beginning of 1921 that Fascism and Mussolini became politically important. Numbers of the landowning middle class then joined the Fascist movement, while large landed proprietors and industrialists subsidized it and turned it increasingly into a violent antiproletarian direction. Thanks to the severe economic crisis, to the divisions in the Socialist Party, and to the help received from the Government, the movement spread rapidly. In this period the most noteworthy episode was the pro-Fascist action of the Prime Minister, Signor Giolitti, who thought he could reduce the parliamentary strength of the Socialists and of the Catholic Popular Party by means of Fascist violence. He was completely mistaken. Practically the same number of Socialist and Popular members were returned. The Government fell; but violence, once let loose, could not be restrained. Fascism redoubled its destructive fury not only against working-class organizations but against the State. The Governments which succeeded to that of Giolitti found themselves powerless to resist a faction to which their predecessor had given arms. The State itself suffered from the absurdity of having believed that it could gain strength by tactics which had undermined its own authority.

It is unnecessary to record the progressive violence of the Fascisti from these beginnings up to the march upon Rome in October 1922, when the Constitutional tradition was only saved by the action of the King in asking Mussolini to form a government after

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having consulted the Crown's regular advisers. But the moral unity of Italy, so hardly won during the Risorgimento, was broken. The Italian people were divided into two sections between which yawned an abyss that none could bridge. Liberty became a name without meaning. Yet, in the struggle that followed, the Italian masses, which had taken little part in the work of national redemption during the Risorgimento, learned to understand what freedom means. In this, purely negative, sense the ordeal through which Fascism has made Italy pass may not have been entirely vain.

Few governments in Italy have taken office amid expectations so general on the part of middle-class opinion as that of Mussolini. There was, indeed, a spirit of opposition among the working classes, but this spirit had no means of expressing itself in action. Mussolini began by securing from Parliament full powers for one year. He announced and attempted a series of great technical reforms in the bureaucracy, the educational system, the magistrature, and public works. Some of these broke down within a year. Financially the situation improved, though more slowly than under preceding governments — perhaps because the last millions of a deficit are the most difficult to cover. On the other hand, Fascist finance has frankly favored the wealthier classes. The succession duty and the salary tax were almost entirely abolished, some $15,000,000 of excess profits were remitted to industrialists, while mismanaged banks and other enterprises were salvaged with the help of the State. As to the railways, of which the Fascists and their supporters have boasted as their chief glory, it is now proved beyond dispute that the decrease in the deficit which they attributed to a reduction of the enormous number of railway servants was solely due to the fall in the price of English coal and to the entire suspension of upkeep and renewal of railway stock. Forty thousand railway servants were discharged, but the creation of a Fascist railway-militia nevertheless increased instead of diminishing the total cost of personnel. The truth is that Fascism, like all tyrannical governments, was compelled to claim credit for the excellence of its administration, whereas its real problem was to restore order, peace, and the authority of the State.

This problem it has utterly failed to solve. Never was bankruptcy more scandalous. Two years after the march on Rome, Fascism is still an army encamped in a conquered country, a faction that has failed to carry the nation with it. An armed-party militia under the personal orders of Mussolini; the abolition of all rights of meeting and association for non-Fascisti; the precedence of Party authority over that of the State; a corruption unknown under preceding governments; illegality and violence all the worse because perpetrated by the Government — such is the substance of a situation that grew steadily worse until it culminated in the assassination of Matteotti. It is not with the cudgel that the mind of a great people can be fashioned or that Italy can affirm her place in the world. Castor oil, revolver shots, thrashings, massacres, the destruction of houses, a terror that compelled thousands of well-to-do Italians to emigrate and dozens of members of Parliament to stay away from their constituencies, are sorry means of educating a people in civilization. Matteotti himself only returned as a decomposed corpse to his home after having been prevented from visiting it for three years. Not even the Altar has been respected. Many priests, thrashed and persecuted, have

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been driven from their parishes. Some, like Don Minzoni, a chaplain decorated during the war, paid with their lives for their calm resistance to Fascist threats.

Nothing is more characteristic of Fascism than its incapacity to conceive political life as a matter of give and take. Fascism looks upon it as a soliloquy on the part of the Government. The rest of the nation has only to sing in unison a chorus of praise. Consequently no criticism or opposition can be tolerated. In Fascist eyes those who dissent are antinational, traitors, against whom it is legitimate, or rather a duty, to proceed with all the severity of the law; and since the law is often insufficient, because based upon the liberal principles of the 'stupid' nineteenth century, it must be reënforced by 'Fascist methods.' Thus intolerance dug ever deeper the abyss between Fascism and its opponents, and ended by making impossible any dignified coöperation even between Fascism and parties which at first supported it as the presumptive restorer of order and authority. Thus in succession the Catholic Popular Party, in March 1923, the Democratic Social Party, in March 1924, and finally the Liberal Party, composed mainly of Conservatives, in October 1924, were compelled to separate themselves from it.

To-day Fascism is completely isolated, the recent secession of the wounded men and ex-soldiers who refused to take part in this year's commemoration of the march on Rome having deprived the Fascist Government even of the pretext that it represented the Italians who fought in the war. Now force is Mussolini's sole prop. By the virtue of blood and sacrifice, the death of Matteotti caused a deep moral revolt; and the country which seemed supine under Fascist domination has detached itself from a government that is supported solely by the bayonets of its militia. There was not, perhaps there could not be, an armed revolt; but the terrible weight of public opinion has exploded the Fascist myth. Not less pitiful has been the collapse of the Mussolini myth. After the Matteotti murder it broke down before the dilemma of a Mussolini inept or a Mussolini accomplice. If the former horn of the dilemma seems the likelier, it only renders more pitiful the comparison between the real Mussolini and the Mussolini of the legend which made of him the 'strong man,' prompt and sure in decision and in action. In reality, few men are weaker and less decided than he or more susceptible of being influenced.

Thus the situation in Italy is one of unstable equilibrium between a small, armed minority controlling all the instruments of power, and a disarmed majority which, nevertheless, does not intend longer to bear the shame of the Fascist system. A moral issue divides the country from the Government; and the country cannot have peace till this issue has been resolved.

Such are the facts and the practice of Fascism. What is its theory? For years past Italians have witnessed the spectacle of a party desperately seeking a theory to justify its acts. Its members are still discussing whether it is in essence Revolutionary or Conservative. When it absorbed the small Nationalist Party, originally formed in Italy on a French model, Fascism seemed to have captured a body of doctrines which, if not original, were at least coherent. But these doctrines concerned mainly foreign policy; and hard necessity prevented their full application. The Corfu incident in September 1923 was an isolated experiment; and the ill-disguised distrust with which the Fascisti have always regarded the ex-

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Nationalists — whom they accuse of having profited by a situation others had created — has destroyed what might perhaps have been the one chance for Fascism to develop an organic doctrine.

Since foreign countries, badly or partially informed on Italian affairs, have attached some importance to statements and enunciations to which Italians, better able to judge of them, assign small importance, it is necessary to expose the humbug of the so-called 'Fascist theory.' In doing so it must, however, be remembered that, whatever may be thought of the theory, it has nothing to do with Fascism, which is exclusively a material movement, a superficial episode in Italian political life, not a result of long intellectual and moral preparation. In a word, it is a revolt, not a revolution.

The theory, such as it is, starts from a negation of the Liberal and Democratic principles that have permeated European politics during the last two centuries. Fascisti claim that two great contemporary experiments, Bolshevism and Fascism, prove the possibility of governing apart from and without Liberal principles. Whatever Bolshevism may prove, it is certain that Fascism has not succeeded in replacing Liberal forms of government by anything save a form of personal government generally held to be dead and well buried. Such a government was possible when public affairs were comparatively simple and were gathered into the hands of a class numerically small. But it is not adaptable to the manifold needs of contemporary life. Nor is it a question of the inadequacy of public men for their task, serious though that may be; it is the system that will not work. All the new methods tried by Fascism have broken down quickly and ingloriously. Even the special Fascist idea of the 'co-operation of classes' has never been applied except on paper, as Mussolini himself was obliged to admit in a recent speech. The expression 'The Fascist State,' so frequently heard during the last two years, has no precise meaning. Now Constitutional Reform is spoken of and a Commission has been appointed to study it. Juridical recognition of professional organizations is suggested, with a Parliament based upon them, and changes in the mechanism of government what would lead to the creation of a sort of Chancellorship. But this talk may be nothing more than an expression of the discomfort now felt in the Fascist Party on account of its powerlessness to attain concrete results.

In truth, the framework is too weak to bear any solid construction. Therefore the resources of absolutism are being invoked. Inveterate haters of the Church and of priestcraft have set themselves to polish up religion as an 'instrument of government.' The Italian people, they say, has believed too little, has lacked faith; it was great in the Middle Ages when religion, or rather the Church, was an operative reality; its decadence began with the skepticism of the Renaissance. Therefore it must be given religion; and since its religion is Roman Catholic, it must be made Catholic and apostolic so that it may become also Roman. This exploitation of religion for sordid ends and in the hope of securing the support of the Vatican in party strife is a characteristic feature of Fascist policy. But it would be wrong to descry in such opportunism the beginnings of any religious revival.

Slightly different but not less artificial are Fascist invocations of the Imperial Roman traditions that enter also into the Fascist theory and are eked out by the theatrical imitation of many accessories of Imperial Rome.

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These appeals merely illustrate the Fascist desire to link their movement with a tradition. The very nebulosity and incoherence of Fascism prevented it from 'adopting' any tradition more recent and therefore more deeply felt; whereas the Roman tradition flatters the megalomaniacal and pantomimic Fascist sense without compromising the movement too seriously. In effect, the chief result of Fascist 'Romanism' has been to prove once again how distant from each other are Fascist practice and Fascist theory. Neither theory nor practice has ever been more than tawdry tinsel. When the last shreds fall — and they may fall soon — Fascism will be revealed to all eyes, in Italy and abroad, in its appalling nakedness.

EXCHANGING POPULATIONS

BY P. GENTIZON

From *L'Illustration, December 27*
(Illustrated Literary Weekly)

The custom of removing a country's whole population after war has left it a prey to the conqueror's persecutions has remained one of the most distressing traditions of the Orient, even to our own day. All the conflicts which, during the last century, have brought Russia, Central Asia, Turkey, and the Balkan Powers to grips have led to veritable migrations. In the middle of the last century the Nogai Tatars of the Crimea and the Circassians of the Caucasus left their native lands by the hundreds of thousands and retired to Anatolia, because they had fallen under Christian domination. In the same way the Bulgarians abandoned Thrace, Macedonia, and the Dobrudja; and only yesterday — to be exact, in 1922 — the reverse of Constantine's army in Asia Minor brought more than a million unfortunates pouring out of that country on the trail of the routed Greek army. What was to become of the Turkish minorities that remained in Greece and the Greek minorities that remained in Turkey? With such a problem to solve, the Treaty of Lausanne attempted the extraordinary innovation — inspired by M. Venizelos — of making the exchange of populations compulsory. A mingled Greco-Turkish Commission, presided over turn and turn about by neutral members selected by the League of Nations, was charged with the task of regulating this great emigration, which would involve transporting from Greece to Anatolia some 400,000 Mussulmans, and from Anatolia to Greece 150,000 Orthodox Christians, who would thus join their fate to that of the million émigrés who had already preceded them in flight. In October 1924 the Commission met at Athens for the first time, and made its preliminary arrangements. A dozen subcommissions, also presided over by neutrals, were placed in all the ports through which the émigrés were to pass, and soon the difficult task was in full swing.

It is not hard to imagine the terrible

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sufferings of thousands of people thus compelled to leave their family hearths and forced to say adieu forever to the places where they had been born. A deep distress constantly agitated these throngs who were arbitrarily compelled to accept the uprooting of their ties without a word to say in the matter. Ruin, suffering, regret, were the lot of all these poor people for long months at a time. Imagine for a moment the population of a whole department of France receiving orders to pack up and depart for a distant and unknown country — only small animals and movable goods capable of being carried to be accepted as baggage. And then, when everything is ready for the departure, there is, by way of farewell, the groans and tears of all these men and women, torn from the corner of the earth which they have known from childhood — and torn, too, from the graves of their families, to which they are attached by every fibre of their beings, and which likewise they must leave behind. Imagine the long trails of camels and wagons loaded with the aged and infirm, with cradles and cooking-utensils, with bits of old furniture, on their way to the port of embarkation. The camps are improvised wherever the halting-place happens to be. For food — such scanty provisions as can be warmed over at the edge of the road. Epidemics break out and decimate the wandering caravan. Where are they going? What will be the end of this exodus? In what country will they set themselves up anew? No one knows. The father of the family, with anguish in his heart, asks himself: 'Shall I find a roof over there to shelter my children? Will they give me lands like those which they have forced me to abandon?'

As a matter of fact, the greater number of the emigrants have lost all they owned in this exchange of populations. It is true that landed proprietors departed with inventories of all the property they were leaving behind, and these were officially stamped, so that they might obtain property of the same nature in the new country; but since the Commission was unable to exercise any oversight of the quantity and value of this property, these documents amount to little more than purely one-sided declarations a great number of which can hardly be taken seriously. For this reason men who were formerly rich landowners have often, in the end, found nothing save scanty fields and miserable cabins to replace the wealth that once was theirs.

The power and responsibility of the Commission, moreover, ceases as soon as the emigrants have disembarked in their new country, which has the undisputed right to gather them up again and install them wherever seems advisable. Let us, for example, follow the adventures of the 380,000 Turks who have crossed the Ægean. Among them are peasants, artisans, tobacco-growers, fishermen, vineyardmen, gardeners trained to care for olive and mulberry trees. The result of the exchange would have been as bad as it could possibly be if these various groups, accustomed to a certain climate and adapted to certain types of labor and agriculture, had been taken to regions which were quite different in fertility and physical structure from those in which they had been living. That is why Angora's plan was to establish zones of emigration where the people were to be established in districts corresponding to the trades and capacities of those who came to settle in them. In this way the Turks of Mytilene, especially skilled as olive-growers, have been transported to Aivalik, where the culture of this tree is especially successful. This human transplantation is based on the chance demands of economic geography. The

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populations of the Macedonian districts Drama and Kavala, which are rich in tobacco, were taken to the Samsun region. The Turks of Saloniki were used to fill in part the gulf created in Smyrna by the departure of the Greeks. The island-dwellers of Crete and the Ægean were distributed along the shores of Asia Minor, and the plains of Eastern Thrace received most of the laborers of Macedonia.

At present the great movement of exchange is reaching its end. All the Greek minorities of Asia Minor have crossed the Ægean during the last few weeks. Only a few thousand emigrants who have come from Cæsarea, Nigde, Yozgad, Diarbekr, — that is to say from the centre of Asia Minor, — are still waiting at Samsun and in Messina to embark for the islands and the Piræus.

The departure of these last contingents of Anatolian Greeks was all the more tragic because it represented the abandonment of Cappadocia, one of the most ancient territories of Christendom. After a final liturgy, the faithful, grouped about their priests, said a last and touching adieu to their churches, some of which, hewn out of rock, go back to the earliest ages of the Christian era. All objects of the Christian cult and ornaments of any value such as old icons and the most beautiful woodwork of the iconostases, certain monastery-treasures like those of Taxiarchi, including ancient illuminated copies of the Gospels, chalices in gold, gem-studded mitres whose secret hiding-places were known only to the *higumenos*, likewise took the road to Greece. Since that time open and desolate naves are all that remain to bear witness in the heart of Islam that this country, for more than twenty centuries, was the habitation of populations which held the Christian faith.

The exchange has raised a number of problems relating to certain special groups of people which have not yet been solved. Thus the Mohammedanized Jews of Saloniki besought the Greek Government not to include them in the exchange, but this minority nevertheless ultimately had to undergo the same fate as all the Mussulmans of Greece, for the text of the Lausanne Convention declared that 'all Greek adherents of the Mussulman religion' were exchangeable. Let us observe, however, that as a result of the intervention of the Albanian Government with the League of Nations an exception was made in favor of Greek subjects of Albanian-Mussulman origin, who were authorized to remain where they were. As for the gypsies dwelling in Greece, it was decided that those who held the Mussulman faith should be sent to Anatolia, while those who were Christian might stay.

Still another difficulty arose. The first article of the Convention speaks of the compulsory exchange of Turkish subjects holding the Greek Orthodox religion. It followed, then, that Roman Catholics of Greek nationality, living in Anatolia and Constantinople, were not included in the operation. But what was the position of Greek women of the Orthodox faith who had married Turks but retained their Christian religion? What solution was there for the problem presented by Syrians of the Greek Orthodox faith, about a thousand of whom lived in Turkey? How solve the difficulty presented by the attitude of Father Eftimi and his acolytes, who had broken off relations with the official Orthodox church. The exchange of populations being in principle obligatory, it is hard to see any reason why these hundreds of Greeks, even though favorable to the Turkish cause, should be allowed to remain in their native land. But it is not hard to foresee the reception they will get in Greece,

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where public opinion regards them as traitors. That is why considerations of humanity will probably lead Greek and Turkish Governments to make them an exception.

A serious difference has arisen between Athens and Angora on the subject of the Greeks in Constantinople. Only those who have been established in that city since before October 30, 1918, are allowed to remain there under the Lausanne Convention. Now, when the mixed Commission began to draw up its list of the exchangeable populations, it speedily became apparent that the Greek and Turkish delegates were by no means in agreement as to the meaning which should be given to the term 'established.' There were two conflicting views — that of Angora, which sought to get rid of all the Greeks it could, and that of Athens, which sought, on the contrary, to maintain on the shores of the Bosporus as large an Hellenic population as possible. This difference, for whose solution an anxious group of more than 200,000 people is waiting, has not yet been decided; but the Council of the League of Nations, to which it had been referred, has suggested submitting the interpretation of the word 'established' to the Court of International Justice.

What will be the result of this obligatory exchange of inhabitants? It is certain, in the first place, that even when it is complete it will not mean stability for either country or a definite localization of the newcomers. Hitherto the emigrants have been compelled to obey official orders and settle in the regions assigned to them. In other words, numbers of them have been taken to places which do not suit them at all, and it is perfectly certain that the exchange of populations, properly so called, will be followed in turn by a movement of the exchanged populations within their new fatherlands, which may reach very considerable proportions. Among the emigrants, some — the intellectuals, for example — will wish to live in cities, others in more fertile districts or regions better fitted to their special skill. That is why a number of years must pass before all the sufferings which have been caused by this unique uprooting of the life of peoples can be effaced. From the economic point of view the exchange of populations will translate itself on each side into a large decline in production; but it is also certain that from a political standpoint the reciprocal departure of the minorities from Greece and Turkey will constitute the best possible measure for reëstablishing peace and quiet in the Eastern Mediterranean. It would indeed have been preferable that the conflict of races, nationalities, and religions should have ended in an ideal of concord and fraternity between all these nations that have been so inextricably intermingled, but human passions and human weaknesses would not have it so. Instead of persisting in the quest for what may have been no more than a chimera, the popular mind finally preferred a complete divorce to a marriage that for centuries has been unhappy. The hour of separation for incompatibility has struck, and this solution, however sad it may be, will certainly facilitate the regeneration of the Near East. Hitherto large majorities have spoken Greek in Turkey and Turkish in Greece, and misunderstanding arose because it was impossible to comprehend one another's language. This time, with the exception of the Greek groups in Constantinople and Turkish groups in Western Thrace which have not been included in the exchange, a sharp line of demarcation has been traced between them — the Greeks on one side, the Turks on the other. In this way the Christians need no longer

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complain of handicaps, nor the Mussulmans be submitted to exaction. There will be no more master, no more *raia*, no more dominant race, no more of the eternal subject-race. Minorities having disappeared, there will no longer be that frenzied competition within the bosom of the same nation, that chaos of contradictory pretensions, that clash of opposed ideas, that silent warfare of different religions, that conflict of races whose qualities differ.

Hitherto most of the wrongs with which the Turks have been reproached were due to the structure of their government. To dominate and control strong and unassimilable minorities, they felt themselves compelled to use the dogma of Islam with the greatest rigidity. Henceforward, being alone in their own country, they will be able — though without running any risk — to interpret these same conceptions in a broader way. The exchange of populations will have the far-reaching consequence of facilitating and making possible a kind of liberalism in Turkey. In Greece it will have the advantage of increasing national unity and homogeneity. It will therefore constitute a guaranty of a more favorable future for the people of the Near East.

A JAUNT THROUGH CENTRAL CHILE

BY A. HYATT VERRILL

From the *South Pacific Mail, December* 11
(VALPARAISO ENGLISH-LANGUAGE WEEKLY)

I HAD heard such glowing praises bestowed upon the scenic beauties of Central and Southern Chile that I was a bit disappointed at the landscape as the train left Santiago and its suburbs behind.

To one who had never seen any land but the deserts of Northern Chile, with the grim, dull gray and rather ominous-appearing mountains where the only greenery is in the plazas and little quintas, the Mapocho valley and the near-by country would appear beautiful; and I could readily understand how the old Dons under Valdivia, after weary months of desert marches with all their attendant sufferings and hardships, must have looked upon this valley as a veritable paradise. But to one accustomed to the pastoral sections of England or the United States, the valley held few attractions. In many ways it impressed me as much like some sections of Northern France, a resemblance made more striking by the long lines of attenuated poplars and the far-reaching vineyards. But the hills beyond the well-tilled and cultivated fields, the fruit orchards, the waving fields of ripening grain, and the pastures with the grazing cattle, horses, and sheep, were typically Chilean, with their dull ochre surfaces speckled with dusty bushes resembling moth-eaten hides. It was an unusually dry season, the wide river-beds held scarcely a trickle of water, and perchance the country was not at its best. But even with

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abundant rains I could not imagine those hopeless hillsides bearing a mantle of green.

Everywhere the dominant features of the landscape were the poplars and weeping willows; and however decorative poplars may be in reasonable numbers, they are monotonous when bordering every field, lining every irrigation-ditch, and stretching in endless rows for mile after mile beside the roads. Weeping willows, too, become tiresome and depressingly reminiscent of old-fashioned graveyards; and I longed for the sight of a sturdy wide-spreading oak, a stately elm, a clump of white birches, or a beech-copse. Something else seemed to be lacking in the landscape, and presently it dawned upon me that it was wild flowers. We were in the midst of spring, the season of all seasons when one might reasonably expect a wealth of blossoms, and yet no sign of these vernal harbingers gladdened the eye. In the States, in England, in almost any other land, the spring landscape is gay with a mosaic of color. But not even a mullein stalk, a dandelion, or an ironweed broke the greens, browns, and dull yellows of the passing landscape. Here and there a dejected-looking poppy grew, like a pariah, on the outskirts of a field of grain, blue chicory appeared at intervals, clumps of lonely, inconspicuous white-flowered weeds strove to maintain a precarious existence beside the roads, but seemed on the point of suffocation under the all-pervading dust that covered every leaf, rose in dense clouds behind every plodding oxcart, and sifted like smoke through the car windows. It seemed as if every weed, every nonutilitarian bit of vegetation, had been uprooted, utterly exterminated to make room for the crops. But to offset this there were roses forming hedges of glorious crimson, white, pink, and salmon; masses of blossoms rioting over adobe walls and low-roofed houses, as if man, having succeeded in eliminating every lovely but valueless wild flower, had suddenly awakened to the need of color and beauty and had striven to replace the native flowers with those he could control. And I must admit that I have never seen more beautiful or larger roses than those of Chile. Indeed, the profusion, size, and beauty of Chile's cultivated flowers — which oftener than not have practically run wild — are a never-ending source of wonder and delight.

Another disappointing feature of the landscape was the absence of picturesque villages and people. There is nothing beautiful in a low, mud-walled hut, with a filthy dooryard wherein pigs, poultry, and other live stock wallow and browse; and it must be confessed that the average home of the small farmer and laborer is of this sort. The larger haciendas, to be sure, contain palatial, beautifully kept, and attractive homes, surrounded by delightful gardens of flowers, palms, and vegetation. But I missed the well-to-do, thrifty-looking farmhouses of England and the States, the neat hayricks, the well-filled corn-cribs, the piled cordwood, the neat, trim cottages and the great prosperous-looking barns. The farm hands, too, did not appear as well off or as contented as their fellows of other lands, though perhaps that was partly due to their costumes, or lack of costumes. A ploughboy in blue jeans, cowhide boots, and broad straw hat, or his British prototype in smock and gaiters, may be far from elegantly or attractively garbed, but he at least fits his surroundings and is most unmistakably a rustic. But the Chilean peasant might, as far as appearances go, be either a farmer, a tramp, a dock hand, or a brigand. It is to be regretted that he has no national or distinctive costume. The poncho is his only typical

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garment, and this useful bit of apparel is common to most Latin America. But what the peasants lacked in the way of picturesque dress was more than offset by the gayly caparisoned and bedecked *rancheros*, or gentlemen farmers and cattlemen, with their broad-brimmed, low-crowned Spanish hats, short jackets, flaming sashes, gaudy ponchos, ridiculously huge spurs, and ornate horse-trappings, who looked as if they might have stepped from the pages of an Ibañez novel.

Beyond San Fernando the cultivated land is far more extensive, vineyards and orchards become larger and more numerous, the houses seem better and neater, with picturesque tiled roofs, and the vegetation is more varied. The hills and mountains lose some of their barrenness, while the fields show patches of vivid-yellow mustard, mauve-flowered vetch, and scarlet poppies. Even the familiar stalks of mullein appear at times. The birds I saw were prototypes of those of New England, and seemed like old friends. There were familiar meadow-larks uttering their plaintive, long-drawn notes, blackbirds querulously piping from the weeds and rushes, soft-gray mourning doves, swift-winged sparrow hawks, harriers low-flying over the fields, perky song sparrows, impudent tyrant flycatchers, and scores of others. What did it matter if the meadow-larks' breasts were scarlet instead of yellow, if the blackbirds wore dull yellow instead of vivid crimson-and-orange epaulets, if the sparrows and all the others were clad in slightly different hues and patterns? But there were many birds that were totally different from any that we have in the north, among them the big, handsome, black-and-white, spur-winged plover, and the tiny dwarf-teal.

Greatly was I impressed by the wonderfully healthy and luxuriant appearance of the vegetation. There seemed to be an entire absence of diseases or insect ravages. In the States, even at the best of times, one constantly sees the effect of pests and plant-diseases. Constant vigilance and unending labor are essential if the farmer is to raise a crop, and insecticides are everywhere in use. But throughout my trip through Chile's farm-belt I saw no one spraying vegetables or fruit trees, or picking bugs and caterpillars from vines and plants. I was also greatly surprised at the vast amount of waste or untilled land. Possibly much of this uncultivated area is poor soil or is unfit for farming, but as far as superficial observation went I could see no evidence of this. Indeed, areas of cultivated land were often in the midst of waste land, or vice versa.

Another matter that seemed strange to me was the apparent ease of farming. In England or the States the farmer toils from dawn until dark with work never done, but in Chile, with the exception of a few men and boys leisurely ploughing or harrowing with slow plodding oxen, or half-heartedly directing the irrigating waters in the way they should go, I saw few men at work in the fields. Groups stood idly at the wayside stations or about the little farmhouses and chatted beside the roads, but all seemed to be taking life very easily, and the farms appeared to be pretty much taking care of themselves. Perhaps the Chilean farmer has solved the problem of raising lucrative crops without hard work, and if so, who would not go back to the soil, get close to nature and be a farmer?

By the time we reached Parral we had been transported as if by magic to New England. There was nothing to remind one that we were still in Chile. Buttercups and daisies, pale-blue forget-me-nots, pink clover and purple lupins, carpeted the fields, the good old mullein was again in its element, oaks, walnuts, locusts, and elms were every-

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where, and brushy pastures, blackberry thickets, and typically New England brooks and swamps were dense with a growth of ferns, brakes, alders, and brambles.

At Chillan the character of the country changed once more. The land stretched away in rolling prairies to the distant hills and was almost bare of cultivation. Instead there were green pastures separated by rows of trees and shrubs so that the country looked like a vast crazy-quilt of various shades of green; and sleek cattle and splendid horses grazed in herds watched over by the Chilean prototypes of our Western cowboys. It was just such a scene as one might view from the windows of a transcontinental train hurtling itself across the prairies of the States, though the land itself more resembled parts of our Middle West.

At Yunbel, richly green hills appeared beyond the fields, a broad vividly blue river meandered between lush meadows, vegetable-farms, vineyards, and wheat fields again covered the land, and as the train swung along the banks of the ever-winding stream I felt as though I had been whisked to the borders of the Hudson or the Connecticut.

MODERN FASHIONS

BY MARIE, QUEEN OF RUMANIA

From *Neue Freie Presse, November* 30
(Vienna Nationalist-Liberal Daily)

[One of the traditions of the Rumanian Court — established by Queen Elizabeth, who wrote a number of successful books under the pen name 'Carmen Sylva' — is the literary queen. The tradition is carried on by Queen Marie, daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, who might, had she so desired, now be Queen of England. Her present article in the *Neue Freie Presse* is being widely copied in Central Europe. A Prague newspaper reproduced it the day after it was published in Vienna.]

Feminine fashions have played a great part in the world from time immemorial, ever since the day when Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden — at least according to Mark Twain, who, in his series of *Extracts from Adam's Diary*, makes the first man observe in a tone of protest that his clothes 'are uncomfortable, it is true, but stylish, and that is the main point about clothes,' according to Eve.

I suspect that Eve was right, but chic and comfortable — and here I must agree with Adam — have not always been one and the same thing.

Clothes have played their part in my life, just as they have in the lives of all women. I have even been described as one of the best-dressed women of my time, though I have never striven very keenly to follow the mode, and though I have rebelled many a time against the tyranny of fashion when I happened to find it unbecoming or uncomfortable.

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Like every other girl, I was tremendously excited over my first ball-gown, and on my wedding day — I was married at seventeen — I did my best to look as pretty as I possibly could. Later on, when I was to be crowned, I wanted even my crown becoming, and as it was being specially made for me out of the gold of my country, I myself selected the shape that I preferred. Once a lady of the older generation scolded me because I wanted to look pretty when I was in deep mourning.

Since the days of the bustle, which I wore as a very little girl and of which I was ridiculously proud, I have lived through every kind of fashion. I have worn bell skirts and leg-of-mutton sleeves. I have stumbled over gowns of ridiculous length which flowed upon the floor like waves. I have protested against skirts that reached only to my knees. Sometimes I have worn my waistline under my arms, and again I have had to accustom myself to the modern waistline, of which a gentleman once said, 'I don't understand why modern women like to sit on their waists.' And likewise I have pulled in my waist or let it out according to the whim of fashion. To-day, God be praised, we need not lace until we can no longer breathe — and that at least is an improvement.

One thing is certain — the eyes accustom themselves with astonishing speed to whatever fashion happens to be *en vogue* at any particular moment. I cannot, indeed, pretend that modern fashions especially appeal to me, for only a few of them have any real charm; but all unsuspecting of this fact, we bestow upon the fashions of yesteryear no more than a shrug.

I at least am past the age where I feel 'dressed' in a short and shapeless frock that comes to my knees and is so narrow I can hardly get into it or out of it, and in which it is impossible even to walk through a room unhampered. I have always avoided the hobble skirt, for to a queen or a princess it is of the greatest importance that nothing shall interfere with the freedom of her movements. One must be able to get out of a carriage with dignity, and it is extremely important to be able to walk easily across a room in which everyone is looking at you and making way for you. One must not stumble or trip like a Japanese girl in gala attire. Japanese girls seldom have large rooms to cross, whereas I, as a sportswoman, like to be able to jump across a ditch or climb a hill, or take strides as big as I like, without coming to grief because the cut of my skirt happens to be senseless.

To-day, it seems to me, the tendency everywhere is to do away so far as possible with all distinctions between the sexes. There is much to be said, I suppose, both for and against this tendency, but it would take me too far afield were I to dwell upon such a theme — though I am perfectly willing to admit that I have very definite views.

Modern feminine fashions offer an example of this tendency. I might almost say that the women of to-day want an unjustifiably large share in everything. They want the privileges of womanhood and the satisfaction that they owe to the mere fact of being women, meantime assuming masculine habits and bearing, plus a masculine interest in sport — all of which they express, as far as possible, in their dress. They cut their hair, although there was a time when they thought it their most precious possession; and I cannot help thinking that the time will come when many a woman will regret having sacrificed to a transitory fashion her 'crowning glory,' which she cannot recover in a day.

My youngest daughter wore bobbed hair as a child. It was very becoming, and as no one tried to force it to curl, it

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was exceedingly comfortable; but as she grew up and began to notice things, my little girl asked permission to let her hair grow. At first, like every mother, I was tempted to protest against anything that might threaten the childlike appearance of my darling, but the little girl used an argument whose force there was no denying: 'But Mother, I can cut off my hair any time, in five minutes, while it will take a year or more for it to grow. Just suppose "he" came along in the meantime and did n't like bobbed hair!'

There is no disputing that her idea had a certain force of its own.

Modern girls, however, have gone beyond simple bobbing, and many of them seem to feel that only the so-called 'shingle-bob' is a sufficiently close imitation of a man's haircut; but I wonder sometimes how many men are really pleased by this fashion. What chances are there now to 'play with her soft golden locks?' Have they gone forever? I am inclined to think not.

I am not one of those who dislike the exaggeratedly slender and boyish figures of modern girls (it is so easy to admire what one does not have), and though I myself am of somewhat ampler proportions, I can only fancy that it must be glorious to have no weight whatever. But I suspect it was less the men than the ladies themselves who introduced this exaggerated admiration for the extremely straight figure, instead of the rounded lines which from the time of the Greeks down — or is it up? — we have learned to regard as an element of true feminine beauty.

Sport, no doubt, has had a great deal to do with this, and it is quite true that the slender and pliant girl possesses an advantage over her rounder sister in polo, hockey, tennis, and the ultra-modern dances. Our ladies of yesteryear, who had perhaps a little too much of everything, would cut a very poor figure riding astride in the modern fashion. Obviously the *juste milieu* ought to be the ideal in everything, but how rarely is it attained. I think that we have gone a step too far in the modern direction, and that health — and, may I add, children — ought not to be sacrificed to an exaggerated curvelessness — if I may use the expression.

The automobile worked the first revolution in modern dress. We were compelled to wear smaller hats, dust-colored cloaks, shorter skirts, and all the rest of it. When carriages vanished the world lost the greater part of its elegance. The sense of distance was overcome; our distant neighbors were brought within reach; but the younger generation will never know what a magnificent sight Hyde Park used to be in the late afternoon, when the beautiful Queen Alexandra used to drive, smiling and bowing, through the long row of wonderfully turned-out victorias and barouches drawn by magnificent horses in dazzling harness such as only England knows. All the women were like flowers, as if resolved to be more beautiful than any other women in the world, and as if they were there only to give brilliance to the day.

These things belong to the past. Nowadays we rush along wrapped in veils and wearing goggles. It is true that we see more of the world, that we can get over more ground in twenty-four hours, than we used to, but we and our equipages are certainly far less pleasing to the eye.

Still, we must not waste our energies weeping for the past. I for my part am an enthusiastic motorist, and have learned to know my country as queens of former days could not; but since I love everything that surrounds itself with beauty, I must be allowed a sigh, thinking of things that once rejoiced our eyes and that we shall never see again.

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Although, compared to the very young, I am of the older generation, I belong nevertheless to those who move with the times. I am no crabbed 'has-been.' I admire the magnificent discoveries of our age. In many things, especially in the furnishings of our rooms and gardens and houses, we show better taste than our grandmothers, and yet I fear that with our all-too-numerous practical discoveries, we have by no means beautified the world.

With the automobile and all the innovations that accompanied it, a custom came in with which I am not in sympathy. I mean the way in which to-day all ladies, old or young, fat or thin, big or little, wear exactly the same things. In my humble opinion a woman should wear only what is becoming. Of course, I do not expect her to take to crinolines while her sisters are going about in narrow skirts, but I expect her to look into her mirror with the eyes of her neighbors and not to feel compelled to wear garments in no wise suited to her size, her figure, or her style.

We must, I fear, blame the democracy of our time, in which all articles are prepared by the hundreds and thousands, and in which the styles change every two months, so that people keeping step with the hasty tempo of fashion assume a kind of uniform which every woman dons because 'people are wearing it.' To my taste, evening dress has grown extremely unbecoming. The mania for short skirts is responsible for the grotesque fashion of stingy little evening-gowns that scarcely reach the knees, from which rags of every shape and form dangle in unexpected corners, forming a kind of substitute for the train, which serve only to entangle the feet or to be trampled on and torn by the first gentleman who pauses to say good evening. To my artistic eyes these fashions do not seem pretty, no matter if they are creations of the greatest and most famous modistes. They remain sins against line. Then, too, in such gowns women cannot move without clumsiness, and as it is never easy to move gracefully, one's gown ought to be a help and not a hindrance. Evening dresses ought to be sharply distinguished from ordinary clothes, and why should flowing lines and pleasing folds be reserved for tea gowns? Perhaps the modern passion for the dance is responsible for these never-ending short-skirted fashions; but in that case a still shorter frock, swaying like a flower as the girl who wears it dances, would be far, far more becoming than the tasteless tight skirt that hampers all free movement. I have always been surprised that people have clung so pitilessly through so many years to these terrible narrow styles. I should have thought that our athletic, sports-loving modern women would much prefer something that allows freer movement.

As for the mania of wearing almost nothing and of leaving nothing — or pretty nearly nothing — to the imagination, does this really represent an artistic advance upon the wide skirts and the crinolines in which ladies looked like flowers and moved with a grace which may be too feminine for our taste, but which at least produced a more agreeable effect than the perpetual crossed legs that you see in modern restaurants — which, to put it mildly, make one long for days gone by?

It may be well to observe that I put this merely in the form of a question, for I have not the least intention to criticize or advise. As the French say, '*Je constate seulement.*' And with that I say adieu.

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ON READING AMERICAN MAGAZINES

BY HENRY O'NEILL

From the *Dublin Magazine, December*
(IRISH LITERARY MONTHLY)

'WELL, you are a baby,' he said as he passed my chair and saw me reading.

He answered my surprised eyebrows with vehemence: —

'You don't read the *stories!* That's an American magazine — you read the *advertisements!*'

Thus simply was I introduced to the most thrilling of all literary pastimes. Good as are American short stories, intriguing as are their titles, lurid their illustrations, all have long ago lost their charm for me. When I go to the particular counter in Eason's I no longer read the contents bill of that month's issue; even the young lady on the cover eyes me in vain. To tell the whole truth, I feel that the insertion of all those articles and tales of love and adventure there, brazenly, among the advertisements is something bordering on sharp practice. If there were not advertisements on the back of every page of them I would have them all cut out before I took the thing home. Sheer vandalism is the word! Contents bills are an affront to all true lovers of the only American art. I turn my magazine over, and if it has a good ad. on the back I buy it.

Then knowledge, rapture, and the true realism!

Open the thing anywhere, and if you do not jump or laugh or frown or shiver or look quickly to either side to see if they noticed it too — if you remain calm — it is a case either of abnormally bad sight or of creeping paralysis. I finger my latest prize, and, lo! a page of pastries in supernaturally natural colors, as if the Cinderella business had happened all over again and I was in time for the supper! Overleaf I learn — something I had not the vaguest suspicion of — that So-and-So's Ox-Tail Soup has twenty-five ingredients which march in enchanting tints along the border of the page. I read that 'it is easier than one would imagine to gain the charm of a beautiful skin,' and wish I were the man proposing above the letterpress to the goddess who has it. If only I had twelve cents I could find out 'the toilette secret that has made American hands the *prettiest* in the world,' and because our currency is in ha'pence I must go to my grave in surmise. A young gentleman in his bath tells me that the brush with which he is scrubbing his back has sixty-nine uses, which will be demonstrated in my home or place of business by another young gentleman — not in his bath, I trust — whom I can summon from San Francisco by post card.

Wealth is no protection against those invincible advertisers. You think, now that you have bought for her the most expensive motor-car on the American market, your wife will be satisfied. Foolish fool! Homes, mansions, palaces, have been wrecked by the simple line: 'Luxurious upholstery — that expresses your personality.' Nor can you hope that she will not dare to ask that the car be upholstered in

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her personality. The Yankee serpent has the apple picked and ready before he begins to tempt. He puts the answer to all your protests into her mouth: —

Decision on the mechanical end of automobiles can be safely left to the men-folks. But the choice of upholstery is a woman's prerogative.

Nothing *could* be more final.

No mercy mars these bright pages. What mother would not seize her hat and run a dozen blocks for that particular syrup of figs which appears under the heart-rending line: —

If you don't protect him, Mother, who will?

Or is there a maternal soul which could rest, having read the heading, 'The *human* way to dress a baby.' Not even the tipster is spared. In a moment of penitence or penury he finds himself able to read, and the magic words smile up at him: —

We must strip a whole vine of its red, ripe treasure before we can select enough perfect, flawless [he reads breathlessly on] tomatoes to make a medium-sized bottle of Blue Label Ketchup . . .

Privacy is a byword to those splendid advertisement writers. Every private room has an all-glass door. Occupied bathrooms are their speciality. Other generations were exalted at the music of some Russian demigod: this age falls to 'the vogue in colorful bath-towels'; and as you gaze at the picture you know that a bath will never be the same thing again without a 'colorful towel' to match your all-over complexion as you step steaming on to the mat. You think that after forty-seven years you know what to do with your face in the mornings? Presumptuous worm! In flaming letters run the words: —

Do you know how to dry your face correctly after it is washed?

Ninety-nine people out of a hundred instantly lose faith when the question is put to them, and read nervously on: —

If you value a good complexion, don't scrub it and rub it as if you hated it, but wash your face lovingly and *pat* it dry.

A lump comes to your throat. For years you have wronged the only face you have. Thank God, it is not too late to change.

To all of a highly strung temperament American magazines are an inexhaustible source of prostration. Having with watering mouth studied colored plates showing the forty-three different ways in which Hiram P. Somebody's ham can be cooked (it being a point of advertising etiquette that no other ham could possibly be cooked in any of these ways), you turn the page and see, shouting at you as if you had accidentally taken the side off a lunatic asylum, the three words: *THE DRY PERIL*.

Obviously, it is something worse even than the onward march of the Yellow nations. A list, perhaps, of the horrors which Prohibition has brought to every American home? No — just a coconut shampoo which saves your hair from splitting. Baldness can be avoided at too dear a price!

But there is a still darker side to all this. Page after page is filled with things 'indispensable to the comfort of any home' — I had never thought of them before, but as I read I know, so well, that without them the word home is simply something to say to the jarvey.

Yet not one of them is in my home, and if I asked for them the landlady would question me as to what I thought she was, which is something that can never be truthfully answered. All my illusions vanish as I plod from column to column. A series of circular

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pictures shows me the disaster which will overwhelm my crêpe de chine if I fail to ask my chemist for the orange box with the pink label.

I pass dreamily over the next few pages, and am shaken back from the wildwood by the towering figure of a great green sphinx with an excellently kept set of very white teeth, and underneath, like the sonorous voice of an ill-buried Pharaoh, the words: 'The Secret Revealed.' And the secret for which the world has sought for æons is that unless I, Henry O'Neill, use a toothbrush of that particular curve — designed specially for my teeth — all is lost. Three pages further on all is more lost than ever unless I use a toothbrush curved in the opposite direction.

The Rathmines Town Hall clock is chiming 2 A.M. as I lay the magazine aside, throbbing with knowledge and hope; for I have just — at 1.45 A.M. to be exact — learned that my spare time is worth a dollar a minute. A dollar a minute! I wonder would they want a reduction for a month?

THOMAS HARDY'S BIRTHPLACE

BY F. J. HARVEY DARTON

From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly, December* 6
[LONDON POPULAR JOURNAL]

THE birthplace of Thomas Hardy, an unpretentious low cottage thatched in the beautiful Dorset way, lies in an almost secret and very tiny village, Lower Bockhampton, a mile and a half east of Dorchester, and not far from the line of the Roman vicinal road from that town to Salisbury. Its situation is a lesson in geography, which here has moulded immortal literature.

If you draw a broad-angled 'V,' and lay it on its side, with the point towards the west, and the lower arm running almost due east and west, you will have the conditions of nature which produced those Wessex novels and poems which have become the heritage of England. The 'V,' whose apex should rest somewhere near the glorious hill-fort of Eggardon (about ten miles west of Dorchester), represents the chalk skeleton of western Dorset. Between its arms are the rich, well-watered valleys, the Greenwood Tree, the Great Dairies, and those churches whose architecture influenced Hardy as a young man. Hardly more than a stone's throw away from Lower Bockhampton is Mellstock (Stinsford). The urns at its entrance-gate have been drawn by him. Pipes and other musical instruments like those that gave joy to the Mellstock choir hang in the vestry of Weatherbury (Puddletown) Church, four miles or so away.

In a ten-mile circle round Dorchester lived half Hardy's characters, stand half his scenes. *Far from the Madding Crowd* is chiefly staged at Puddletown; 'The Trumpet-Major' at Dorchester, Sutton Poynz, and Weymouth; *The Well-Beloved* at Portland. Most of the

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short stories and nearly all the poems fall within the circle, while 'Tess,' wandering over the face of Wessex, came often into the neighborhood of Hardy's home, 'Yalbury.' Yell'am, or Yellham, Woods, which are often referred to, are walls of rhododendrons (flaming in season) on each side the main road close to Stinsford. I leave one other part of the same region for later comment.

All this, all this 'local color' (a vile but necessary term), was the atmosphere, and has remained the atmosphere, of Hardy's life from youth upward, just as surely and clearly as the hedges and woods of Warwickshire lay ever in the background of Shakespeare's mind. If you expand the ten-mile circle a little you still find the same loving and minute familiarity: Ethelberta at Corvesgate (Corfe Castle), Lady Constantine and her young astronomer on the tower in Charborough Park, the Woodlanders in Blackmore Vale, 'a deep country, full of pasture' — and, in a season like the present, feet rather than inches deep in mud also; Tess at Wool and Kingsbere (Bere Regis), and in the cottage at Evershot lately made ridiculous by a company of film actors in preposterous comic-opera clothes, with paint and powder almost more than skin-deep. Not far off is that strange monument, 'The Cross in Hand,' where Tess came near her ultimate agony of soul. It is described with one of its wonderful legends in 'The Lost Pyx.'

But anyone, it might be argued, could use real places, wholly or in part, as backgrounds — though it might be much more strongly argued that not everyone could use them even mechanically with such skill as Thomas Hardy's. He has *felt* the places and the people; they are part of him; they are part of whatever he bids them to be; they are not mere descriptive words. He says of the *Wessex Poems* that they 'are in a large degree dramatic or personative in conception.' He, as it might be a chorus in *The Dynasts*, has interpreted them, yet without losing intimacy.

Curiously enough, that fact appears most clearly in his re-creation of other days, in 'The Trumpet-Major' (*Wessex Poems*), in 'The Alarm,' and in *The Dynasts*. In all these, but with a mind ripened by wider knowledge, he goes back to talk he must have heard as a boy — the talk of those who went marching at the barn-cock's call in 1804 as in 1914; 'The Alarm' is in memory of his own relatives who volunteered during the Napoleonic wars. Anyone who saw that miraculous compression of *The Dynasts* produced during the early months of the Great War must have realized how sure, how august, how penetrating was Hardy's insight into the real Englishman: the peasant who has always been the backbone of the British Army, who 'went off,' like the sergeant-major, 'to blow his trumpet till silenced forever upon one of the bloody battlefields of Spain,' or of Flanders, or Iraq, or Africa.

So much for humanity, so much for understanding of the places and people round that remarkable birthplace. For the rest, go to Rainbarrow (a mile or more from Bockhampton) and behold the majesty of Egdon Heath. At this time of year you may yet see the blue autumn-crocus gleaming in the sombre wastes, and fungi — green, scarlet, brown, purple, yellow, sometimes leprous, sometimes bright flames. No one who has not *felt* 'Egdon' and read the first pages of *The Return of the Native* knows anything about the birthplace of Thomas Hardy.

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THOMAS HARDY'S BIRTHPLACE

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A TALK THAT MADE HISTORY

FROM THE DIARY OF EX-EMPEROR CHARLES

BY ITALO ZINGARELLI

From *Corriere della Sera, December 27*
(Milan Liberal Daily)

[Rumors of renewed monarchist activities in Hungary have appeared coincidently with the publication of extracts from the diary of the deceased ex-Emperor Charles, reviewed in this article.]

Not even in the pages describing the first of his two attempts to recover the throne, made between the twenty-sixth of March and the sixth of April, 1921, does the successor of Franz Joseph show evidence of strong emotion. If he appears less timid than usual in this portion of his narrative, he still remains an unexciting personage. Even where the incidents are perforce dramatic, they do not, as revealed in these passages, grip the reader. The conversation at the Royal Palace in Budapest between Regent Horthy and his former sovereign will always stand out, as Charles describes it, as one of the salient episodes of a story the last words of which have not yet been written. In a preface to the diary, Charles's private secretary, Karl Werkmann, who saw the book through the press, explains that if a premature death had not carried off his master the latter would have written more fully of his experiences. 'As Charles himself exclaimed on one occasion, both prudence and affection for his friends prevented his doing so then.'

In fact, this is not really the diary of the last Hapsburg. Charles, perhaps fearing lest his memory might later play him false, was accustomed to make memoranda of important incidents. It was in this way that, after his return to Switzerland following his failure in Hungary, he dictated to Werkmann a daily record of what had occurred. Subsequently he dictated to his wife Zita supplementary notes, which indicate that he felt this obligation to secrecy less strongly later.

Charles left Strassburg the morning of Good Friday, 1921, on the Paris-Vienna express, and reached the Austrian capital the following day, after passing the frontier with a Spanish passport. His traveling companion was Count Jacob Lasuen. No one was present to receive them at the Vienna railway-station when they arrived at 10.30 in the morning. The ex-Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary mingled quickly with the crowd of travelers and porters, eager to escape indiscreet observation. He and Count Lasuen called a taxi, ordering the chauffeur to take them to the Bristol Hotel. On the way thither they changed the address to Landskrongasse 9. There was no such number in this street. Their real destination was number 5, where the former monarch found a temporary stopping-place.

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About noon the next day a mysterious automobile passed through the Graben, Kaerntnerstrasse, Wiedner Hauptstrasse, and from there via Wienerneustadt to the frontier. Reaching Hungarian territory, the travelers stopped at Pinkafö to dine on a cutlet and cucumbers at Jenner's tavern. In memory of that event, the landlord still keeps the knife and fork the former monarch used, and what is left of the cucumbers.

Ten o'clock that night the former Emperor reached the palace of the Archbishop of Steinamanger. That prelate had guests to dinner, and when informed that two gentlemen wished to see him, was a little put out. Nevertheless, he came down to meet them in his library. When they had shaken hands and he learned that one of his impromptu callers was his 'Apostolic Majesty the King,' he seized Charles by the arm, led him into an adjoining room, and inquired again anxiously if he were really the sovereign. When assured that this was so, he began to tremble. In great excitement he hastened off to inform his guest, Herr Vass, a Horthy Cabinet Minister. That gentlemen, equally astounded, acted 'very correctly.' He merely said that from that moment on he no longer considered himself an official of the existing Government.

Charles was given a room and dinner, and without consulting anyone else, prepared his manifesto to the people. It simply said: 'I have returned to my beloved Fatherland, following the impulse of my own heart, and from this date have resumed the throne. God be with me.'

Among the first friends who hastened to his side, rejoiced to receive him, was Colonel Baron Anton Lehar. Teleki, the Prime Minister, and Count Sigray, Commissioner from Western Hungary, reached Steinamanger at half-past four in the morning. Two hours later Teleki left in an automobile for Budapest to inform Regent Horthy. Charles relates that Teleki had been kept in ignorance of what had happened until he arrived at the Archbishop's palace. He was merely told that a matter of extreme urgency demanded his presence. Thunderstruck by the news that met him there, he exclaimed with great perturbation: 'Too soon! Too soon!'

An hour later the former Emperor left Steinamanger by automobile, accompanied by Count Sigray, Colonel Jarmy, and another official. They reached Budapest at two o'clock in the afternoon. Driving directly through the city, they halted in front of the Royal Palace. Horthy was dining. Captain Magashazy, his aide-de-camp, detained Colonel Jarmy when the latter asked him to announce the arrival of the King, and sent him back to the automobile. Sigray then in his turn insisted that Horthy be interrupted at dinner and told that his sovereign wished to see him. Charles describes the succeeding events as follows: —

'Captain Magashazy was waiting for me at the Palace door, dressed in a gray-green uniform and wearing the tricolor. He escorted me to a cold, unheated room; and I was already nearly frozen. I said I wished to see the Regent at once. As soon as I entered the aide-de-camp's room I was struck by the unfriendly spirit that reigned there. It was correct enough, but every man present stared at me with a hostile look.'

Horthy presented himself with an expression of consternation on his countenance. When they reached his study, which had been Charles's study previously, he exclaimed: 'This is a calamity. Your Majesty must leave immediately. You must return to Switzerland at once.'

The conversation thus begun lasted

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two hours, 'a struggle for power in which I,' wrote Charles in his diary, 'was completely disarmed in front of Horthy and had to yield, in spite of my desperate efforts, to Horthy's disloyal, treasonable, base greed for power.' The vivid historical interest of these passages, and the effect they may even to-day have upon the future history of Hungary, justify reproducing them verbatim.

First of all, I thanked Horthy in the most cordial way for what he had done for the nation and for the King. I lauded his services and assured him that the King and the nation would never forget them. Then I asked him to turn the Government over to me.

Horthy: 'What does Your Majesty propose to do for me if I turn over to you the Government?'

I pretended to have misunderstood him: 'What do you mean by your question?'

Horthy: 'This. What will Your Majesty give me in exchange?'

As he said this he extended his open hand toward me. Did he wish me to give him money or some other favor? Or was it an involuntary gesture intended to signify receiving a gift the nature of which he himself did not clearly know? I felt such disgust rising in me at this vulgar bargaining that I was nauseated, and I had to force myself by an effort to answer: 'But you — what do you want?'

Horthy: 'See here, I want to know what Your Majesty is ready to offer me!'

I: 'Horthy, when a person has commanded the forces that have liberated a country from Bolshevism, when he has been able to terminate a hostile occupation, when he has faithfully governed that country, restoring law and order, and then voluntarily hands it back to its King, then the position to which he is entitled is unquestionably an exceedingly high one, and it will be recognized abroad — by the whole world — that he is, so to speak, the right arm of the King. Such a post, Horthy, under these circumstances, belongs to you.'

But Horthy insisted again: 'And what else does Your Majesty offer?'

I: 'I confirm the title of Duke that you have conferred upon yourself.'

Thereupon Horthy suddenly burst into a long lamentation. He recited his piece so badly that even I, prone as I am to believe the best of everybody, could see at once that he was merely acting a part. He protested with a great show of alarm that he was not thinking of himself, but of Hungary, poor Hungary! What would happen to the country? Revolutions, intervention by the Big Entente and by the Little Entente, and invasion by the Little Entente, rival pretenders for the throne, resistance by the people, and so on.

Glad to see the country itself brought into the discussion instead of Horthy personally, I proceeded to answer his objections point by point, concluding with these words: 'Everything will be done according to constitutional procedure. I shall form a Cabinet at once.'

Horthy: 'Your Majesty will not be able to find a Prime Minister. The army is disloyal to you, and there will be bloodshed.'

I answered that it would be easy enough to find a Premier, as I already had general assurances on that point even from one of Horthy's own Cabinet, Vass. I was not afraid of a little shooting. In spite of that, I should by that time have resumed the throne and formed a Ministry. In view of the tried traditional loyalty of the Hungarians, it would not be difficult to maintain order in the country. So Horthy must turn over the Government.

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Horthy said that before he surrendered his powers he wanted one thing more — to be appointed commander-in-chief of the army. I saw that if I did not satisfy the man's gross greediness I should have reason to regret the fate of the country and my whole undertaking. On the other hand, I reflected that a monarch of my age, with the foreign situation as it was at the moment, could not afford to relinquish control of the army — surely I could not entrust it, as I now discovered, to a man of this sort.

'You will be commanding officer under me; but turn over the Government.'

Horthy: 'I want one thing more.'

I: 'What do you want, then?'

Horthy: 'I want to be reappointed commander of the fleet.'

I: 'Good. If we get a fleet again you will be its commander.'

Horthy then renewed his laments upon what might happen. I answered that I had already considered these things. He must realize what a tremendous benefit a King would be to the country if everybody rallied loyally to his support. If Horthy truly loved Hungary, he ought to turn the Government over to me. The danger of hesitating at such a moment was clear.

Horthy: 'But if I surrender the Government, I want still one thing more.'

I: 'What?'

Horthy: 'Your Majesty should confer a high honor upon me.'

I forgot entirely that Horthy is a Protestant. 'If you turn the Government over immediately,' I said, 'I 'll give you the Order of the Golden Fleece.'

Horthy seemed greatly pleased, and said that was satisfactory.

I: 'Now, surrender your authority.'

Horthy: 'Impossible! No! I can't do it. I have thought better of it. What is the matter with my head? I have sworn an oath of loyalty to the National Assembly.'

I: 'But long before that, you swore an oath of loyalty and fidelity to me with your hands between my own.'

Horthy: 'That oath is no longer valid. It has been superseded.'

I: 'No, it has not. I have not freed any soldier from his oath of loyalty. Moreover, you, Horthy, are bound to me by a second oath, a private oath — that of a Lord Chamberlain.'

Horthy: 'That no longer counts. I no longer feel myself bound by obligations of loyalty to Your Majesty. So far as I am concerned, only my last oath binds me — the one to the National Assembly.'

I: 'That oath is not worth a snap of the fingers before a King. The National Assembly had no right to change the old Constitution, and therefore has not legally changed it. You yourself, whenever I and my faithful friends have suggested interpreting such an oath that way, have always declared that it was less binding than the oath to your own King.'

Horthy: 'But I have my duty to the country.'

I: 'You have no duty to the country. Your duty as Regent ends the moment the King and the country desire to restore the traditional régime. The moment I arrived here, therefore, your responsibility to the country terminated. I alone am responsible before God and to the country, because it was I who took the coronation oath, and not yourself.'

Horthy was silent for a moment, but his face showed dissent and irritation.

I: 'If you refuse to hand over your powers to me, then it means revolution good and earnest. The whole Government will be again back on a revolutionary basis. Turn over your authority!'

Horthy: 'No!'

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I: 'Mr. Admiral, I order you, in the name of your oath to me as a commanding officer, to obey and to turn over the Government to me.'

Horthy: 'No.' After a pause, 'Moreover, the army has taken its oath to me and has taken no oath to a sovereign. Your Majesty cannot count on the army.'

I: 'This does not agree with my information from other sources. You say that the army is in your hands. I have helped to place it there, so far as I was able, and neither time nor means have been spared to accomplish this.'

Horthy: 'If the army is in my hands, I still insist that Your Majesty cannot rightfully take command of it, nor can I turn over to you my command. If I should at this moment order the army that has sworn obedience to me to refuse obedience to Your Majesty, it is certain the troops would be loyal to me. Otherwise the only alternative is bloodshed. There is not even a fifty-fifty probability that Your Majesty could carry out your project.'

I: 'How can you expect your soldiers to be loyal to you if you yourself are a perjurer? I am absolutely convinced that my officers and my troops are still loyal to the oath they originally gave to their King, and are obedient to the oath given to you only in so far as it may be interpreted as you yourself have always interpreted it heretofore — that is to say, as an oath to the Admiral of the Emperor and King.'

Horthy: 'I would shoot any man disloyal to his oath to me.'

I thought to myself: 'He is pronouncing his own well-merited sentence.'

I had to exert all my self-control to master the sentiment of repulsion that this baseness aroused in me. I kept silent from love of Hungary, but felt more strongly than ever that the destinies of the country must not be left in the hands of this person. I found myself confronted by a disloyal resistance, an obstinate will that would not bend to any argument, because it was deaf to reason. All trace of noble sentiment seemed to have vanished from the man. I had no friend at my side. I did not know what had become of the two gentlemen who had accompanied me. I did not have even my revolver. Outside the door stood Horthy's aide-de-camps and his other satellites ready to obey his orders. I found myself in a trap. I realized from Horthy's words and attitude what was in his mind, and so I said bluntly: 'You stick to your opinion, and I to mine. Now what do you propose to do? Make me prisoner?'

He gave me a confused glance, then lowered his eyes with embarrassment. For a minute there was absolute silence, then he recovered himself. With an affected smile and forced calmness, he said slowly and hesitatingly: 'No, I shall not make Your Majesty my prisoner.'

I: 'Then give up the Government.'

Horthy began to repeat over again all his old objections: 'The ruin of Hungary, the Little Entente, a revolution at home. Why did n't Your Majesty wait ten years longer? During the interval I would have continued to prepare the ground.'

As our conversation had already grown interminable, I insisted upon my opinion: 'I give you five minutes to think it over.' But at the end of five minutes Horthy's attitude remained the same.

The diary contains fragments that confirm the reports that the attempt to restore the monarchy received encouragement in France. During his interview with Horthy, the former Emperor, in pleading for the restoration of his sceptre and crown, declared that the Little Entente would not prove a serious obstacle. Men of high position

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assured him on that score, but he could not give their names. Horthy professed to have no faith in the promises of France, 'which has already made too many.' Then he suddenly interrupted himself to demand the names of the Frenchmen who had given Charles these assurances. Charles answered: 'I cannot tell you. The names are absolutely confidential.'

Horthy insisted: 'So far as I am concerned, I must know them. It would be only under those conditions that I could turn over my powers, since if they are men who speak with real authority the situation naturally assumes an entirely different aspect.'

Encouraged by this, Charles said he would disclose the names if the Regent would promise to keep them absolutely secret and would turn the Government over to him. Horthy agreed. The sovereign named the men — they are not given in the diary. Thereupon Horthy exclaimed with relief: 'Well, why did n't Your Majesty tell me that at first?' adding that he was ready to surrender his powers at the proper time, but that His Majesty had come too soon. Eventually Horthy pretended to consent to Charles remaining for a time at Szombathely in Hungary with the idea of returning to Budapest three weeks later.

At half-past four the deposed King of Hungary left the Palace. At his own request, the guards did not render him the royal salute, and the soldiers were ordered to tell no one that they had seen him. Horthy hastened at once to the room of his aide-de-camp, where his wife and some thirty other people were waiting for him. 'Who had called them together?' asks Werkmann. The Regent announced to the gathering that he had just passed through the most trying hour of his life. King Charles had asked him to surrender the Government to him. Horthy had been obliged to refuse and to explain why. The King was finally convinced by his arguments and had promised to leave the country, which he would do immediately.

Meanwhile Charles's automobile was speeding back toward Steinamanger. A tire burst and ditched it. A few minutes later a car from Horthy's garage, containing Count Sigray and Teleki, came up and found the King standing by the side of his disabled automobile. One of his companions had gone to find a telephone, another to procure some food, and a third to get a new tire. Charles was invited to take the other car. He asked Sigray to whom it belonged, and learning that it came from the Regent, said: 'Thanks, I 'll stay in my own.' When he arrived at Steinamanger, after a long delay, Charles was informed that orders had been given to keep him under close surveillance. His friends were prevented from seeing him, and other persons were detailed to accompany him to the frontier. In fact, while Charles was on his way to Steinamanger, Horthy telegraphed to Colonel Lehar, the ex-Emperor's most loyal supporter, instructing him to convey the latter across the border in the course of the following night. Horthy also notified the ambassadors of the Entente, and encouraged — at least according to Charles — the Serbs and Rumanians to threaten to march into the country.

After the note of the Little Entente, vetoing a Hapsburg restoration, reached Budapest, Charles tried to gain time. He pretended to be ill. He declared that the Government could do what it pleased, so long as it was not his own Government. The next day, the third of April, a telegram came from Paris, dispatched just before noon of the previous day,

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reading as follows: 'We earnestly beg you to encourage our client at once to keep confident and stand firm. Nothing to fear from here. We shall appease the neighbors.' Werkmann says that this dispatch was sent to a Vienna address already agreed upon, by a trustworthy person who was laboring for the Hapsburg cause at Paris. On the second of April the French Cabinet decided that the Great Powers were directly interested in determining a line of policy with reference to Hungary. 'France would have done anything to avoid actual hostilities.' On the fifth of April Charles left the soil of Hungary a disappointed man. He was deeply touched by the homage shown him by the people and the nobility, but at the same time surprised to observe that of the aristocrats who hastened to greet him 'not one had the courage' to impersonate him and take his place in Switzerland, in order that the sovereign might covertly remain in Hungary.

Naturally the responsible men of Hungary who condemned Charles's adventure, and would not permit their country to be precipitated into a new whirlpool of trouble, were doing right. But Horthy was not thinking so much of Hungary as of himself, and he blocked the attempt at a restoration primarily because he was loath to give up his power. It is needless to comment upon his haggling, during his first moments of uncertainty, when he thought a Royalist coup might possibly succeed. Nor can we have two opinions of the way he endeavored to extort from Charles one personal advantage after another.

WAITING BOTH

BY THOMAS HARDY

[London Mercury]

A STAR looks down at me,
And says: 'Here I and you
Stand, each in our degree:
What do you mean to do —
  Mean to do?'

I say: 'For all I know,
Wait, and let Time go by,
Till my change come.' — 'Just so,'
The star says: 'So mean I —
  So mean I.'

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GOOD CHEER AND THE DECAY OF FEUDALISM

BY N. DOYLE

From *The Month, December*
(English Roman-Catholic Review)

The tradition of hearty eating and drinking runs through the history and literature of this island, in common with other northern lands. Writers as dissimilar as Shakespeare and Dickens testify to it, and it is borne out by various less-known history-sources. Perhaps we do not sufficiently recognize to what extent this habit aided in the decay of the feudal system, albeit indirectly. The Normans, as far as we can judge, were not much behind the Anglo-Saxons in their love of the table, but it is not until John's reign that documents concerned with the Court assume a really detailed and personal form. From them and similar records relating to the nobility of the kingdom we may form some idea of how, in the later Middle Ages, the expenditure in luxury and liberal hospitality effected the breaking down of the feudal caste-system, and we may learn, besides, something of the habits of our remote forefathers.

In England during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries — that period of artificial and decadent feudalism which is to engage our attention — love of show and magnificence pervaded society and manifested itself in countless ways. It can be seen in dress, extravagant in kind and cost, the passion for which quickly spread beyond the courts of kings to infect all classes. Not only were gowns covered with embroidery, but jewels were sometimes sewn on to them, and portions of them were gilded. To such an extent was this practice carried that Parliament was obliged to forbid anyone under the rank of a baron to gild his clothes, for fear that the supply of gold needed for coinage should run short. It may be seen also in the civic pageants of those times, like Fashions, a subject in itself. It is exhibited, better inspired, in the adornment of churches; in the growing favor of that showiest style of Gothic architecture, the Perpendicular; in the painting and gilding, the tapestry and embroidery, the finely carved woodwork and magnificent stained glass; in the elaborate church-ritual. It is expressed vividly in the rites and ceremonies of knighthood in its various stages; in tournaments which, from being a real training in arms, had become nothing more than gorgeous entertainments held, like the one at Smithfield in 1390, described by Froissart, for diversion and pastime. Indeed feudal warfare itself was often nothing more than chivalric adventure, a series of grand tournaments.

Therefore it is with no surprise that we trace an ever-increasing love of eating and drinking during this period of grandeur. As the thirteenth century wore on, so did luxurious living become more prevalent. More attention was paid to the demands of comfort and less and less to the ideals of military strength. By degrees the fortified castle gave way to the manor house wherein the hall was the most con-

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spicuous room and often of a considerable size. Among the higher classes, household departments were multiplied, and offices such as cook, chamberlain, or butler were counted honorable, tended to become hereditary, and were rewarded with a landed provision. The products of many foreign countries contributed to foster the luxurious tastes of English epicures, while serving at table became so elaborate that by the end of the fourteenth century different names were given to the carver according to the kind of meat he dealt with.

An indication of the increasing love of good cheer may be seen also in the custom of sending gifts of food to friends, patrons, and even to royalty. To accept such presents, whether from one's equals or inferiors, was not considered at all undignified. Thus, when Margaret of Anjou went to see the Corpus Christi plays at Coventry, the Mayor and Corporation gave her three hundred loaves of fine bread, a pipe of red wine, a dozen capons, a dozen 'grete fat pykes,' and other delicacies. The citizens of Norwich sent to the king twenty-four herring pies as part of the fee-farm of the city. In reward for his loyalty in capturing the rebel earls of Kent and Salisbury, Henry the Fourth annually bestowed upon the town of Cirencester four does, six bucks, and two casks of wine.

Our most various and precise sources of information on this subject consist of collections of recipes, menus of big feasts, hints to servers, ceremonious orders for the table, and lists of materials consumed at particular banquets. Some of the older and more important of these records and rules, as the 'Forme of Cury,' have been collected in *Antiquitates Culinariæ*. It is customary to associate the Englishman of 'Merrie England' with roast beef and plum-pudding. But the picture is incorrect. Plum-pudding is comparatively modern, dating in fact from the Restoration period. The 'Forme of Cury,' however, contains a recipe for what no doubt was its forerunner — bread fried in grease. Roast beef has a longer history; nevertheless it does not appear before Tudor times. Indeed nothing is more certain from a study of the above recipes than the fact that the baron of beef, the haunch of venison, joints, and large 'pieces' generally did not appear until the sixteenth century was well set in. The cuisine of feudal England consisted chiefly of soups, hashes, and spoon-meats. Joints were usually converted into 'mortrews' by cutting them up into pieces, boiling, grinding in a mortar, and passing through a strainer. These reduced pulps were then spiced and, Roman-wise, doctored with a variety of overpowering sauces. Salt, sugar, honey, and perhaps almonds, dates, raisins, and grated bread would be added and the whole blended with the yolks of eggs and 'tempered' with vinegar, verjuice (juice of sour apples or sour grapes), wine, or ale. By such multifarious and incongruous ingredients was diversity of sensation for the palate procured. Capons, chickens, geese, pheasants, partridges, pigeons, and smaller birds were often brought whole to the table and there skillfully and artistically carved; but more frequently these too were served up in pies, hashes, and stews. The only large piece, and that not a *pièce de résistance* in the strict sense, was cold boar's head. This was a piece of meat that could be conveniently handled in thick, wedgelike slices by eaters unprovided with forks. 'When they did not satisfy their hunger with pottages and bread,' writes A. C. Jeaffreson, 'our mediæval ancestors usually found their more substantial nutriment in hashes, hotchpotches, fine minces, pies, and viands

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pounded with the pestle and mortar to a pulp.'

Among mediæval pies there appeared very frequently 'umbles' or 'numbles' — the name is variously spelled — consisting of the abdominal viscera of sheep, swine, and oxen. The 'Forme of Cury' gives directions how 'to make noumbles for Lent' out of the 'chopt paunches of pykes, of congere, and of grete cod lyng.' In Plantagenet days 'umbles' were considered a very dainty fare, but by the sixteenth century they had passed out of favor and were disdained as meat fit only for servants. Disobedience among children of Tudor families was frequently punished by making the refractory member sit for a meal or a period of meals with the dependents 'eating humble pie' at the lower end of the board.

Since fast days were numerous, a good deal of fish was eaten, but the monotony was relieved by the many kinds of fish available and the ingenious treatment of them. Some of their fish we do not in our times consider edible, yet choice 'vianders' of the fourteenth century paid epicurean prices for delicious morsels of the whale, porpoise, grampus, and sea-wolf. In the British Museum there is a mediæval manuscript for the making of 'puddynge of porpoise,' a dish served at royal tables as late as Henry VIII. At the funeral feast of Nicholas Bubwith, Bishop of Bath and Wells, no less than eighteen different kinds of fish are mentioned.

A better example than this, as giving an idea of the variety of diet on meatless days, is to be read in the Account Rolls for the year 1295. I quote from Miss Bateson. At an Archbishop's enthronement feast in this year there were served up: —

300 ling, 600 cod, 7 barrels of salt salmon at 28 shillings a barrel, 40 fresh salmon at 7 shillings each, 14 barrels of white herring, 20 'cades' of red herring, 5 barrels of salt sturgeon, 2 of salt eels, 600 fresh eels, 8000 whelk, 100 pike, 400 tench, 100 carp, 800 bream, 2 barrels of salt lamprey, 80 large fresh lampreys (mostly bred in the Severn), 1400 small lampreys, 124 salt conger, 200 large roach; there are thrown in besides seals and porpoise and 'polpyns.' There was olive-oil, honey, mustard, vinegar, verjuice, £33 worth of comfits and spices, bread, wafers, and wines, with London, Canterbury, and English beer in proportion. The London cook's wages, hired for the occasion, were £23, the rewards of heralds of arms, trumpeters, and 'mimes,' £20; painting the throne and making 'subtleties,' £16. The cost may be multiplied some twentyfold to get an idea of modern values.

As Miss Bateson goes on to show, such extravagance was by no means rare nor, as we should expect, confined only to the spiritual peers.

Mediæval banquets were very lengthy, and were celebrated with the greatest pomp and ceremony. Nominally there were three courses, but a course often consisted of eleven or twelve dishes. Before the feast, heralded by a trumpet, servants or pages entered with basins, ewers, and napkins, and the guests washed their hands. The tables were already spread with fine tablecloths and covered with a profusion of richly ornamented plate consisting of saltcellars, drinking-cups, spoons, knives, but no forks. After grace had been said the servants of the kitchen, headed by the steward with his rod of office, brought the dishes to the table in formal procession.

What Miss Bateson calls 'Subtleties' were brought in between the courses of the feast. These consisted of devices made in sugar, pastry, and jelly. Their designs were often elaborated and contained appropriate allusions to current social or political events. At the Coronation feast of Queen Katherine, whose marriage with Henry V was expected to end the French war, one of the devices consisted of 'dyuerse

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fygures of aungellys, amonge the which was set an image of Seynt Katheryne holdynge this reson, "*Il est escrit, pur voir et dit, per mariage pur cest guerre ne dure.*"' Some of the 'subtleties' would, to describe, shock the modern mind as profane, sometimes coarse; but we may be sure that no harm was intended by them and no offense taken.

Many kinds of wine were drunk. Russel, the usher of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, enumerates no less than fifteen 'swete wynes' in his *Boke of Nurture*, and more might be added from other sources. They had in addition 'pigments' — wines mixed with honey and spices. One of the most popular of these pigments was 'hippocras'; this was served at the end of dessert, just before the company broke up.

The most impressive ceremonies at all functions, processions, and banquetings naturally centred round the person of the king. Ordinances of the Royal Household are still extant and enable us to see what life at Court was like.

Though it varied a little in the course of the period, the composition of the Royal Household was always large, and its expenses, especially under Edward II and Richard II, were a constant source of irritation to the nation. Year after year commissions were appointed in Parliament to make the reforms needed. It was the Royal Household that first received attention from the Ordinances of 1311; and in 1315 Edward II was put on an allowance of £10 a day. Richard II, according to popular rumor, entertained no less than 10,000 guests daily; and though this number is considered incredibly high by the best historians, the evil of Court extravagance was none the less exceedingly great.

The households of great nobles were managed on an equally lavish scale. Such a household was that of Edward, Duke of Buckingham, at the end of the fifteenth century, probably the wealthiest peer of the realm. At his table in the great hall of Thornbury upwards of two hundred guests shared his breakfast and his dinner.

In the hall of Lord Berkeley three hundred persons were fed, and each day two quarters of wheat were expended in the bakehouse for bread and pastry. In addition to their daily wages, his knights, esquires, and men-at-arms were fed by Lord Berkeley and clothed by him all in cloth, furred as befitted their rank, some with miniver 'of the best,' others with miniver of smaller price, while other attendants had their rank denoted by the rabbit's fur, the lamb's wool, or budge, which trimmed their liveries.

When the celebrated Kingmaker, Richard, Earl of Warwick, journeyed to London, he was sometimes accompanied by so large a body of friends and retainers that six oxen were slaughtered daily to supply his breakfast table.

The connection of this extravagance with the dissolution of the feudal system now becomes apparent. Such liberality and profusion reduced very many men of high standing to the necessity either of borrowing money or marrying into families of that prosperous middle class which, after the Black Death, began gradually to rise to importance in the State.

This glimpse of the convivial habits of our ancestors — more excusable in times when education was backward, and higher forms of recreation inaccessible to all but a few — teaches us an historical lesson, yet unlearned by many modern historians, namely, the unbroken continuity of social customs. From the beginning of time, food, man's common necessity, has been the sign of fellowship.

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THE NEW GOSPEL OF THE AIR[1]

BY HARRY HARPER

From the *Contemporary Review, November*
(LONDON LIBERAL MONTHLY)

WE are being told a great deal too much of the destructive powers of aircraft, and far too little of their civilizing powers. Our vision is distorted. We are prevented, altogether, from gaining any sense of proportion. We are led to think that nothing but ill can come of man's conquest of the air: whereas, made use of in the right way, this conquest of an element which knows no barriers, and which flows uninterruptedly over the whole surface of the globe, has powers which may bring us salvation rather than destruction; which may enable us to drive still further into the background the menace of any future war.

There are factors which are now about to transform flying as we have known it hitherto. There are wonders dawning which will open up a new page in the world's history. It is an era in which we shall feel ourselves supermen. To-day we send words flashing over cables, or through empty space; but when we ourselves move from point to point — when we have to travel to some far corner of the globe — it is not a question of hours or days, but of weeks of ceaseless travel. It is here that development has languished — in the swift transport of passengers over vast distances. But what science has done in regard to cables and wireless, the most significant of our sciences, aeronautics, is now to accomplish for our bodies. And this is what one means when one speaks of 'the new air-age.'

It is a vision great and splendid! It is a new world we glimpse. Picture what we shall enjoy in aerial pleasure-trips. Saturday to Monday in the South of France! A long week-end in Northern Africa! As for our summer vacations, in the popular era of the 'skyway,' who could put a limit to our roamings? Imagine what it will mean when in our holidays we are wafted magically to and fro between London and those beautiful islands of the far Pacific.

No one can realize, save those behind the scenes in flying to-day, what strides are being made. Toward the end of the war we were building certain parts of airplanes of metal. To-day, after wonderful researches, we are beginning to produce complete airplanes of steel. Having a strength and a durability impossible otherwise to obtain, such flying machines of steel, with their long working-lives, are now being turned out actually lighter than similar machines of wood.

How is it done? Well, no secret in an air factory is guarded more carefully than that of the precise methods employed in 'making steel fly.' Fundamental principles are known generally to experts; but it is the intricate manufacturing-processes and methods of assembly which great technicians evolve

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individually, and protect against infringement or imitation. Primarily, it is a question of imparting strength to thin strips, or 'ribbons,' of high-grade steel. This is done by a very modern and expert adaptation of a principle which has been known for something like a hundred years. The strips of steel are corrugated. Instead, that is to say, of being left flat, after being drawn from the solid steel, they are passed through dies and bent into a series of longitudinally extending 'waves,' reminding one of that corrugated paper in which delicate parcels are packed. When a strip of very thin steel is corrugated according to a formula of curves which can be learned only by arduous research, it combines strength with lightness in a way which is amazing. Such corrugated strips are built up into wing spars. Other feather-weight strips are bent over in tubular form to constitute ribs. Then, by all sorts of other clever processes, a complete wing is constructed of steel; while bigger and stronger tubes go to the making of the fuselage, or body.

Not only are airplanes of a size possible, in steel, which would have been impossible in our pioneer phase of 'wood and wire,' but such weight-reductions can be achieved that a big airplane can be built of steel which is so light — compared with previous methods — that its cargo-capacity is enhanced considerably, and a much more promising aspect put upon the transport of freight by air.

There is another factor which, when allied to steel construction, is to transform all previous notions as to the cost of airplane transport. After a research in which private enterprise has been reënforced by the Government, we are on the eve of the practical use of a new engine for aircraft. This motor, which looks like a huge motor-car engine, is designed on the semi-Diesel principle. The oil engine, as it has existed so far, has been heavy and slow-running — admirable for marine propulsion, but unfitted for aerial use. Faced at times by difficulties apparently unsurmountable, the new research has been to take the crude-oil engine, with its advantage of using a cheap fuel, and transform it till, instead of being heavy, it is light, and instead of running slowly, it revolves at the pace of a petrol aero-engine, and whirls round an aerial propeller at, say, 1000 or more turns a minute. At the same time the fundamental principle of the engine, the use of a low-priced fuel, must remain unimpaired.

Such has been the problem — a work, naturally, of years to solve. To-day this aerial oil-engine exists in its first practical form — a great, simple, rather gaunt-looking monster. Externally, at a glance, it looks little different from the crude-oil engines such as drive vessels upon the surface of the sea. But actually it is an engineering marvel — a signpost along the road to the new era of the flying merchant-ship; of the cargo-carrying aerial 'tramp'; of vast, luxurious, ocean-going 'liners with wings.' This leviathan engine has, by secret magic in the use of metal alloys and after laboratory and other tests innumerable, been turned out, now, practically no heavier than one of our existing petrol-using aero-engines such as have been considered marvels of lightness hitherto. The new giant runs, furthermore, just as fast as aerial exigencies may require.

This new monster-motor, representing probably the most important step forward that flying has taken, is not to use as its fuel any costly high-grade aviation petrol. It will, on the contrary, run on a form of crude-oil fuel which, instead of costing one shilling and elevenpence-halfpenny a gallon, as

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does the best petrol for airplanes, will cost a few pence only a gallon. And as the cost of fuel is one of the biggest items in running an air service, it is easy to imagine what a revolution will be brought about in operating-charges when we have these oil engines actually adapted to regular airway use. They will alter the complexion of everything. Flying will become cheap as well as rapid. It will be possible to carry air-loads at rates considered impossible only a little time ago.

Experiments with steel spars for the wings of airplanes are to bear fruit in the construction of the giant airships it has been decided Britain shall build. So far in advance of anything produced before, in size, speed, and weight-carrying, will be these supergiant air-ships, that they will inaugurate a new era in this field of air development. Their hull-frameworks, housing gas-bags containing 5,000,000 cubic feet of hydrogen, will be of a size permitting the use of hollow girders of specially tempered steel. These will combine strength with lightness in a manner never obtained before. The new hull-structures, when complete, will in fact be engineering triumphs. Not only will the steel frames be almost unbelievably light, and almost incredibly strong, but they will have an endurance never gained before in airship structures.

This fact, combined with the use of big simple motors burning oil fuel, will put a fresh aspect on the cost of airship operation. Steel airships with oil motors will have such a long working life, and will run so economically, from the viewpoint of fuel-consumption during long flights, that all previous figures will go by the board.

Some idea of what these monster ships will mean, from the aspect of load-carrying, may be gleaned from the fact that their gas-capacity will give them a gross lifting-power equal to approximately 150 tons. Of this as much as 75 tons will be available for fuel, crew, passengers, mails, and cargo. Actually, on the London-India route, which is to be experimented with first, the airships will carry 200 passengers, as well as 11 tons of freight and urgent merchandise. So luxuriously will they be equipped that there will be less noise and motion than in an express train. The airships will have sleeping-cabins, dining- and smoking-rooms, and even such luxuries as bathrooms.

What Dominion representatives are most interested in is the scope offered by giant oil-engined airships of steel in solving the problem of transport in the establishment of new communities, overseas, in areas distant from the nearest railhead or centre of supply. It is believed there will be such a reduction in working costs, with staunch-built airships of steel, using crude-oil fuel, that it will be practicable to maintain, by the use of weight-carrying aerial 'transports,' a complete system of communication between any new Empire township and the nearest city or seacoast station.

Not only passengers, mails, and general cargo, but machinery for mining and other operations, could be carried in such airships as are now envisaged. They offer a solution in themselves to that problem of distributing population more evenly throughout the Empire. Not only would they bridge gaps of hundreds and thousands of miles, passing above oceans, seas, mountains, or forests, but they would rob far-distant settlements of that feeling of isolation which weighs so heavily, sometimes, upon those who pioneer in the wilds. Great air-transports, flying to and fro, would enable folk in otherwise lonely settlements to travel frequently to and from the cities where they would see life and movement. Money spent on the develop-

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ment of large airships ought, therefore, to be an Imperial investment of the most valuable kind.

The ideal constantly before air enthusiasts, and drawing steadily nearer, is for the world to be girdled, regularly, by 100-miles-an-hour airways, operating by night as well as day. It is such hopes, such ambitions, which breed a camaraderie of the air — tending, already, to eliminate national prejudices. It is a new spirit, this. Vigorous, progressive, it animates our airwaymen. It is the flame of hope, clear-burning, which illuminates a weary darkness of misunderstanding.

Here is an instance. Half a dozen young men, dissimilar in almost everything save their enthusiasm for the air, were, the other evening, in eager conclave, triumphing — thanks to their own smattering of languages and the friendly services of an airwayman who was a master of tongues — over the fact that they represented among them as many as five different nationalities. Two of these young men were English. The others comprised a Frenchman, a German, a Dutchman, and a Russian. If they had been talking about anything save flying, they might soon have been at loggerheads, but they were air pilots to a man — skilled drivers of those winged 'expresses' which annihilate distances in ever-extending flights. They had this bond of perfect unity. They longed ardently, each and every one of them, for the development of airways. This, to these young men, represented their life's work. Nothing else, in their youthful fervor, mattered.

Here, plain to see, is the portent. In their burning desire to quicken transport, and to inaugurate a high-speed era, these young airwaymen are already becoming denationalized. They forget that they represent all these different nations. Europe, to them, is no longer a patchwork of countries, talking and thinking differently. It is merely a series of ports of call in the unbounded ocean of the air.

It is impressive, this! Especially when these young men, speaking impatiently of the, to them, narrow-mindedness of earthbound politicians, denounce anything which, in their opinion, retards the progress of airways. The most striking thing of all is that the airman belonging to the country impugned does not hesitate for an instant in joining the general condemnation. Speak slightingly of any other of his country's institutions, and he would be up in arms, but remind him of a reactionary tendency of his Government, so far as flying is concerned, and his criticism is as merciless as though he were a visitor from some other planet.

These airwaymen, our new world-force, are to do something more than cleave their way above country after country. They are, if their ambitions are realized, to bring with them a new language. The idea is that a universal tongue like Esperanto, or some adaptation of it, should be the regular form of communication upon international airways, not only for technical terms and routine signals, but for the transmission of wireless-telephone messages between land stations and pilots in flight.

It is not suggested that nations should, for normal domestic purposes, abandon national tongues. All airwaymen want to do is to save confusion and delay when 'air expresses' traverse, say, half a dozen countries at 100 miles an hour. But this idea of a new air-language, though employed at first only for airway working, will, I believe, appeal irresistibly to travelers who, by their increasing use of the winged express, find they are journeying about Europe with the same facility, and in the same time, as hitherto they have traveled by train between London and

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the Midlands. Great wide-spanned bridges of human understanding, ever-extending though invisible: it is as such, now, that we should visualize our air-lines, bringing nations into a more intimate touch than has been possible hitherto, and, by the spirit they foster, combating the jealousy and ignorance which are seeds of war.

Plans now being developed by Imperial Airways, our £1,000,000 national organization, together with the tests decided upon with huge airships, enable experts not only to map fresh links in air-lines which are to girdle the globe, but to sketch time-schedules for complete round-the-world journeys by airplane express and airship liner. Already technical staffs are concentrating upon extensions of routes which are to stretch southeastward across Europe. These are to be continued steadily, link by link, according to a great State-aided plan, till mail-planes, goods-planes, and aerial 'wagon-lits' rush day and night from London to Australia.

The Air Ministry, having obtained tenders from British firms for the building of multi-engined flying transports, are now ordering the construction of machines of the new types, which will represent a fresh era in air design. Carrying a big load, they will have such a fuel-capacity that they will be able to fly long distances without alighting. Several of the giants, equipped with an engine-plant which frees them almost entirely from any risk of a forced landing, are, it has been decided, to be built throughout of metal. The latest weight-saving schemes, which have been developed recently, during our construction of warplanes of steel, will be incorporated in these new trans-Empire craft.

While construction and experiment are proceeding, an expert survey is being made of the problem of operating day-and-night air-routes from London through to Sydney in Australia. It is reckoned, now, that our airways of Empire should operate over a series of stages. Such air-links are now planned as follows: —

Stage	*Miles*
London-Malta	1500
Malta-Cairo	1050
Cairo-Bagdad	900
Bagdad-Karachi	1500
Karachi-Calcutta	1400
Calcutta-Rangoon	700
Rangoon-Singapore	1200
Singapore-British N. Borneo	1100
British N. Borneo-British New Guinea	1000
British New Guinea-Pt. Darwin (Australia)	900
Port Darwin-Sydney	1900

A first time-table has been prepared for this route across the globe, passing for more than 13,000 miles above land and sea. The total time of the winged 'express,' as apart from the time spent in halts at stations, will not be more than 131½ hours, or rather less than six days of continuous night-and-day travel through the sky. If necessary, on long stages, refueling will be carried out in mid-air, winged 'tankers' rising from intermediate stations and replenishing the stores of the expresses and cargo-planes by means of special flexible-tube connections.

What has been prepared, in view of the forthcoming tests across oceans with new-type airships, is a tentative time-table for a complete round-the-world journey, starting from London by airplane, and making use of airship 'liners' over such stages as the Atlantic and Pacific. According to this time-table a traveler, ascending from the London air-station in the morning in an airplane capable of 105 miles an hour, would, flying via Paris, reach Constantinople on the following morning, and Cairo by noon the same day. Then, in a long-distance machine, with sleeping as well as day accommodation, he would speed to Australia, arriving

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there on the ninth day after leaving London. The Pacific, to San Francisco, would be crossed in a big airship 'clipper of the clouds.' The next link would be by trans-American air-express, New York being reached on the fifteenth day. The Atlantic crossing to Europe would be made by a great airship-liner, the voyage being scheduled so that world-travelers, gliding down at London, would effect in seventeen days what Jules Verne's imaginary hero took eighty to accomplish.

Our new air-age promises to be a high-flying age. The 100 miles an hour of present-type airplanes will, it is considered, be exceeded greatly by adapting machines so that they can take full advantage of the lessened resistance of the air at high altitudes. Before long we may look back on flying machines of to-day, driving a laborious way through retarding lower air, with that same pity with which a traveler in the blue-and-gold Riviera express would let his thoughts wander back to the times when, sitting in open trucks, the first railway-travelers jolted along with cinders from the engine blowing into their faces. Wonderful results are rewarding an eight years' research in sending airplanes up to high altitudes and there making them fly miles an hour faster than would be possible in dense air near the earth's surface.

What science is profiting by, now, are experiments, prosecuted assiduously, in perfecting a 'turbo-compressor,' or light, small, high-speed turbine, the function of which is to 'supercharge' the engine of a high-flying plane. What latest triumphs imply is a virtual abandonment of flying near the earth's surface, and an elevation of regular aerial movement miles above our heads. Hitherto, planes flying at great heights have failed to profit in speed from the lessened air-resistance of high altitudes because their motors have fallen away in power. But the 'tubo-compressor' supplies the engine with high-altitude air at such pressure that the thinness of this air, as compared with low-altitude air, is compensated for, and the engine preserves its power even at great heights.

In recent experiments remarkable results have been achieved, not only with supercharged engines, but also with propellers having variable-angle blades designed to function efficiently at immense altitudes. Sending up planes till they have been miles high, experts have been able lately to increase their normal speed by more than 30 miles an hour.

Scientifically, the quest now proceeds along the following lines. Experiments are to be made in increasing still further the height of 'supercharged' flying, while another research will be to design and perfect saloons in which passengers can be carried through the air at enormous heights and speeds. Such saloons will be supplied automatically, under pressure, with air rendered just as breathable as that at low altitudes.

Scientists, enthusiastic as to the possibilities of immensely rapid flying through thin air at vast heights, now predict that researches will culminate in the institution of regular 'super-express' airways, miles high, along which globe-girdling craft will hurtle at 250 and 300 miles an hour. Aerial 'soundings,' by airplanes and balloons at heights as great as six, seven, and eight miles above the earth, reveal enormous upper winds moving at speeds infinitely greater than are attained by those at lower levels. One test-pilot has found himself in a high-altitude gale blowing at nearly 200 miles an hour.

Can such 'trade winds' of the upper air be harnessed to our purpose in the acceleration of aerial journeys above

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oceans? This is another question science is now to test. Engines and propellers will be made to function efficiently at heights unattainable hitherto, while high-flying 'explorers,' in snug cabins, will be supplied automatically with oxygen when they reach heights of 20,000 feet and more above the ocean. A trans-ocean 'air express,' manœuvred into a vast, swiftly rushing 'tide' of the upper air, is expected to devour distance at five miles a minute, and carry passengers from New York to London in fifteen hours.

This, therefore, is our prospect. It is to send up vast winged ships of metal till they enter 'wind-ways' moving at heights and speeds almost incredible to lowly earth-folk. Manœuvring from one to another of the immense 'tides,' in which their own speed will be augmented by that of the body of air in which they are moving, these 'magic carpets' will so annihilate distance that ultramodern adventurers, vanishing skyward beyond human view, may girdle the globe, not in eighty days, as did imperturbable Mr. Fogg, but in a new air-age record of about a hundred hours!

Fantastic, till we are accustomed to them, will be the time-tables of tremendous, slim-hulled air-liners, soaring up from London for their high-altitude rushes across the world. Calcutta in thirty hours! Cape Town in less than forty hours! Australia in a journey in which the weeks of earth transport will shrink to something like sixty hours!

When flying is cheap as well as swift and safe, as it is certain now to become, it will mean that the world will take to the air. Aerial navigation will become universal. We shall by degrees adopt and use one international airway-language, which will be the tongue used by all who fly, and which will enable people of all nations to exchange ideas with an ease impossible to-day.

What will all this mean? It will mean that the peoples of the world will get to know each other in a way that has been literally impossible hitherto. They will become friends. They will learn to understand each other's point of view. They will meet each other constantly. They will be as much at home in foreign capitals as they are in their own familiar cities.

What will be the ultimate result? Well, those who have spent their lives in developing this science of aviation believe that men of different nations will grow to know each other so well, and to respect each other so thoroughly, that they will shrink aghast from the very idea of war. It will be a horrible idea for the people of one nation to think of killing and maiming the people of another, and for the simple reason that instead of being more or less strangers they will have become real friends, speaking a common tongue and visiting each other constantly. Evil conditions which go to make war will have been removed. Knowledge will have replaced ignorance. Unscrupulous power-seekers will be unable to foment that prejudice and suspicion which have been used, too often, in setting one nation against another.

Here, then, lies the salvation of the world — in the development of the flying machine as a great and growing method of communication rather than as a weapon of war. This art of flying has, one contends, been sent into the world to be a final test of mankind. If we misuse it persistently, if we turn it deliberately to purposes of destruction rather than of construction, then civilization will tumble into chaos after the cataclysm of another world-wide war. But if we prove worthy of this power, the full fruits of which are now about to be reaped, we shall move

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swiftly into a great era of peace, happiness, and world-wide progress. Gone will be racial antipathies. Gone will be international misunderstandings. The world will be divided no longer into separate 'tribes,' or great groups of people talking and thinking differently. Those relics of a barbarous age will be banished once and for all. In the air age the world will not be inhabited by masses of people cut off from each other by barriers of oceans, mountains, and a confusing babel of tongues. They will speed at five and perhaps eight miles a minute, high above every earthly barrier or restriction, and, using their common language of the air, will grow by degrees into one vast, happy family, talking and thinking alike, and all working resolutely for the common good.

But is not this still a dream? Is not this still merely a hopeful fantasy? My reply is — a thousand times no! We who have spent the best years of our lives in aviation, and who know now what flying is to become, declare with every emphasis that, given only the right spirit in the hearts of men, this great and golden age is now actually dawning.

We stand to-day at its threshold; and if only we think rightly, and act rightly, we can pass across that threshold into a new age in which life at last will be worth living for everyone.

CHINA THE ETERNAL

BY PEARL S. BUCK

From the *International Review of Missions, October*
(British Missionary Quarterly)

I said to myself, as the old junk was towed slowly through the wandering canal, that China had not changed after all. And I was glad. The indolent toiler in the neighboring field looked up from his clods with the same vacant interest as we passed, his blue coat cast aside and his brown back shining in the morning sun. The little villages were as sleepy and as dirty as ever they were in the old days, with their swarms of dusty children sprawling in the streets, naked and cheerful. Mothers gossiped in the doorways, their shuttles twisting gently with the spinning of coarse cotton thread, and they stopped occasionally to unfasten a well-worn button when a toddling youngster's hungry mouth came nuzzling. The old grandmothers and grandfathers doddered and dozed against a mud wall, in the hot sunshine and flies, and all was peace.

It was even reassuring to have a mangy yellow dog rush at me from the bank with startling directness. Evidently foreigners were infrequent still. I might go back to my home then in the drowsy little old interior city and be quiet again, shut away forever, if I liked, from the incessant turmoil of progress as the West sees it. For I was very weary of screaming locomotives and factory whistles, of swerving automobiles and the frantic rushing-about of too many people with strained eyes

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and tightened lips and restless laughter that was not gay — of all those things which are to be found in the centres of the world.

To be sure, I had been rather dismayed when I stepped off the train at Liuyang. There had not been a train there when I left. A cigarette was an awesome thing and a dangerous innovation, and the most foreign object in the place had been a decrepit silk hat owned by the magistrate. Now I stepped off the Blue Express, if you please, and was received into the literal bosom of a swarm of blue-uniformed railway coolies, who seized my bags and bore them off, even as others of their kind had done in New York and London. I was dazed, and only a primitive desire to cling to my possessions urged me on. The Chinese equivalent of 'Keb, sir?' and 'Taxi! Taxi!' was shouted at me as I was deposited on a brief stretch of asphalt walk, and I sat myself in a luxurious new ricksha and was borne down the street.

That street! I had left it a delightful, ambling old thing, lined with junkshops and bakeshops and coffin-shops, all in deep, one-story buildings open to the street, and with all sorts of queer and astounding sights and smells. There was never such a thing as a policeman, and at any time of day the most interesting brawls took place between long-queued coolies, with such fervid cursing of ancestors that genealogies were bandied about until a fight sounded like one of the 'begat' chapters out of Genesis. These quarrels were a pleasure and recreation for the whole community, and every man in the immediate neighborhood laid down his business and hurried to the scene, agog with anticipated excitement. Fortune-tellers' booths were tucked into the great gate of the city wall, and there on a hot summer day in the cool shady depths of the thirty-foot-thick arch one might find the most delicious watermelons, rosy and dewy, and split open to tempt a man to his last penny and a mighty stomach-ache.

Well, it was quite different now. A chubby-faced young policeman in a prodigiously starched white uniform promenaded the street with a fixed bayonet and immense dignity. The little dirty quaint shops were gone, and in their stead were plate-glass windows with gay displays of tawdry Japanese and Western produce: hats, shoes, watches, spectacles, ties, ribbons, face powders, scents, and rouge — everything a very young American college boy or girl with exceptionally loud tastes might long to possess. And then into the city gate, all swept and garnished, and all the old blind fortune-tellers gone with their scrolls and cryptic rhymes and strange geomancers' tools. No watermelons any more, nor anything save huge cigarette-posters plastering those dark and ancient bricks and defiling their sombre age with crass and glaring colors.

Thus it was that I stepped on the old junk with a sense of relief to be borne a week away into the interior. Day after day had slipped past, leisurely and still. I had watched the quiet evening light flow through old curved bridges and had seen the bowed figures of homeward passers black against the golden sky. I never saw even a wheelbarrow; only the lumbering old ox-carts, their drivers cracking long whips over the sluggish, unmoved oxen as they paced slowly along the dusty country roads. At night wild geese flew low against the horizon, fearless in this harmless land, and occasionally even at high noon the canal bobbed with tiny teal-ducks, diving and fluttering and unafraid of the women beating clothes on the stones at the water's edge.

Restful and unstirred this country-

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side, whose inhabitants knew and cared nothing beyond what their forefathers had known and loved and lived by. Their greatest excitement was a market day, with a juggler and a troupe of traveling actors, with a repertoire of historical plays and threadbare costumes, for amusement. For worship, the bowing before the tablets in the old ancestral hall, a bit of incense at the temple when one was sick, and a sacrifice of cakes and fruit and rice wine at New Year's or to the moon god in the eighth month. Otherwise the steady length of days with the leisurely tilling of rich fields and the receiving again of generous harvests. Occasionally there was a flood of swirling, muddy water from that old sorrow, the Yellow River, and then there was a year of bitterness, stoically borne, and they buried their dead.

Life ran very deep and still in this hidden corner of the world. Death and birth, misfortune and prosperity, were known and shared by all in utter simplicity and with no display beyond the fixed stateliness of ancient customs.

Then came I again to my little old city. It was quite unchanged, I thought. The junk was moored to a stout peg in the bank and I walked down the gangplank and along the foot of the city wall to the gate. It was the same as ever. I remembered the vines springing from every crevice, and the determined little pine wresting a scanty living from between the bricks. It had grown and spread to the top of the wall.

I passed through the gate and down the cobbles of the main street. The same old hot-water shops, and then the blacksmith's shop, with the bellows still squeaking and the fire flaming behind the half-naked apprentices, beating a twisted, glowing piece of iron. I stood and watched a minute, and they wrought the molten mass into a ploughshare before my eyes. The old blacksmith looked up and gave me a sooty smile from his blackened face and a casual word of welcome home again. Five years was little to him. There was such a lot of time. It was never either long or short — just natural.

Curious faces, friendly faces, familiar faces — all just the same, thank God. An old deaf sewing-woman recognized me and greeted me affectionately: —

'You are back? It is good. We hear there is fighting and distress abroad and we feared for you. Now you are safe. There is peace here.' And she patted my hand.

'No bandits?' I asked.

'Oh yes, outside the city,' she answered calmly, 'but we lock the gates at night and are safe enough. Anyway, they are not so dangerous as the fire engines and strange spirit-machines of which I hear. Ah, you have seen many things, I doubt not, which would frighten an old woman like me, in those wild, foreign countries. Well, you are home again now, and here everything is as always and we are safe.'

Yet not many days passed before I began to wonder. Was it all the same? To be sure, the shell of the city was unchanged — the houses, the streets, the old temple, the market-places teeming and bickering and brawling. My old friends came to see me as before, and we had leisurely and dignified talk of many things as we sipped our tea, and nibbled the little sesame cakes. But the heart of things was stirring. There was a strangeness, for instance, when old Mr. Ch'u stopped smoking a water pipe and took to flippant little cigarettes, and his wife solemnly lit a huge black cigar in my living-room. The sight of that dainty, fragile, tiny old soul in a silver-gray satin coat and a pleated black silk skirt holding in her slender fingers a cigar fit only for a Western business man, and a fat one

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at that, was rather overwhelming. I could not reconcile the delicate, aged lips strained about the ugly thing. But evidently it was not the first time, and the old pair felt themselves in the height of Shanghai style.

Or take Li Chi T'ien, the only son of the white-haired artist on the Street of the Three Temples. The family have always been students and artists and teachers.

'What are you studying, Li Chi T'ien?' I asked, amazed to see such a sturdy specimen before me. I had left him a thin, dreamy lad, always immaculate in pale silk robes.

'Agriculture,' he laughed, answering me in English. 'At the University. Great stuff! We do much practical work.' The explanation of the browned skin and bright eyes, then.

'Why agriculture?' I asked curiously.

'China needs the practical science,' he replied firmly.

'What does your father say?' I asked again, looking at the boy's hard hands and short nails. He had had such soft hands before, white as lotus buds, with long, transparent nails.

'Oh,' replied the youth nonchalantly, 'he does not like at first. But what to do? We students are modern. China must become modern. We wish to adopt the good of the West. We must make China now, we young.'

Or old Mrs. Ch'en. Now old Mrs. Ch'en was an ardent Buddhist and very antiforeign. Only a chance to help a sick child had given me the entrance to the proud, conservative house. Even at that, I could never quite forget that she deplored my misfortune in being of a white-skinned, light-eyed race. She received me in state always in her handsome guest-hall, dusky with age and the darkness of rich old carved beams and pillars. I never dared admire freely the heavy brass candlesticks on the long redwood table under the ancient painting of a Ming emperor, or the deep jade urn. These things were family heirlooms, too precious to be mentioned by a mere outsider. But this time when I made my deep obeisance she took my hand lightly, and laughing said: —

'I too have been a traveler since we met.'

'Yes?' I said interrogatively.

'Yes,' she replied, seating herself and waving me carelessly to a chair. This in itself was astounding enough, for heretofore the polite preliminaries to seating ourselves had been endless.

'Yes,' she continued, cracking a watermelon seed skillfully, 'I went to Peking to have my sickness cut out. You had heard I had a sickness?' I shook my head.

'Oh yes, a terrible sickness. It grew in me as big as that,' she measured off about a foot of space. 'My husband being dead, I asked his next brother, who is head of the family now, if I might go to Peking to have it cut out. You see, I had taken medicine from every doctor in town — oh, the very best medicine; centipede heads, even, and the milk of a young mother with her first child, and all to no avail. My son came home from Peking University then, and he said the foreigners could cut it out so that I should be quite well. You can imagine how afraid I was. I would not even hear of it, until I began to see that it would be either my sickness or my life, and my son said he would stand beside me and promised that he would let them take nothing from me except the sickness. For, you know, it is said the foreigners wish for our hearts to make medicine. Although I no longer wholly believe that now.

'Well, the head of the family refused to let me go. He said it was better to die respectably than to go to a foreign devil. I just waited until he was ill

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one time with his opium, and I went with my son secretly. Such a white, white place, the hospital! And I slept peacefully throughout the cutting, and knew nothing more until I found myself in a bed like snow for whiteness, with the sickness beside me on the table in a bottle. I brought it home and here it is.'

And there it truly was, in the place of honor between the jade urn and the candlesticks, a large bottle of alcohol with a ghastly, red-veined tumor within. But meanwhile old Mrs. Ch'en is quite reconciled to foreigners. The operation was evidently the event of her life, and people come from far and near to see the marvel of a sickness safely imprisoned in a bottle. She has become famous, and reigns in conscious distinction among her townspeople.

Such things have set me thinking rather idly as to what the West has really done to China. Has the invasion of a foreign civilization a menace in it for this ancient and honorable race? Is there danger of denationalizing them with the dazzle of our brilliant, effervescent life? I do not think of the commercial pacts and treaties by which we have blackened ourselves in many ways. I mean that subtler touch of personalities, the dominating arrogance of the Anglo-Saxon upon the apparent passivity of the Oriental. How is it working out, and what have we to fear for the Chinese?

Well, many things, superficially. I think first of this freedom of the sexes which is sweeping over us. It is an intoxicating thing to young men unaccustomed to even casual contacts with erstwhile shy and modest maidens to find themselves in the coeducational colleges which are springing up in the large centres in China. Girls are bobbing their hair and with their shorn locks are discarding the old downcast eyelids and ready blushes. I saw today a brilliant young woman, married by her parents against her will, who calmly wrote to her husband saying she no longer desired him. With which informal divorce she is going her way and making a remarkable record for herself in college. Of course the conservative folk are holding up their hands in righteous horror, and we hear a great deal of the sanctity of the home to be preserved at all costs.

'What if there never was any sanctity?' said the young woman grimly. 'Someone has to be the vanguard of the courageous young against old and criminal social usages.'

I dare say she is right. Anyway, right or wrong, I place my vote of confidence in the young of any race and age. Their frank eyes are apt to see more freshly and clearly than our old ones, cautious and befogged with years.

Intoxicating, yes. So intoxicating that some of them are being swept off their feet into the mire beside the road. That is inevitable. The weak heads will have unsteady feet. But the strong ones will march on to force a better order, I believe, so that in the end even the weak will be stronger. To be sure, they do strange things, these boys and girls.

'Where is Miss Wang?' I asked my class yesterday, missing her keen young face.

'Oh, her fiancé is here, and she went to see him.'

'What!' I cried aghast. 'Why, no Western girl would do that. She should wait for him to come to her.'

'When he has come so far already? Are not men and women equal?' was the simple answer. Old half-forgotten precepts of my young days rose to my lips, but on second thought I let them die. Who am I to superimpose my ideas of a mediæval Western chivalry upon these clear-headed young things? Let

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them work out their own salvation freely.

Meanwhile the vanguard marches on. Behind them is an invincible procession ending away back in the little primitive towns and villages, where the ancient customs seem to prevail untouched. Yet even there they know that they are part of the procession. And this is the beginning of progress.

Religion? Well, opinions might differ as to what has really been accomplished. We have been divided ourselves. So far the contribution of Christian missions has at least been as much educational as moral. It is a good thing, too, for if we have presented our religious dogmas with one hand we have given them science with the other, and being canny creatures they have applied the science to the dogmas. This, on the whole, is an encouraging fact. The Chinese is a fair-minded individual, and he has applied science remarkably impartially to all religions alike, with the result that the real stuff of which Christianity is made stands up well under the test. Considerably better than any of the other old religions. Therefore we hear a great deal to-day of an indigenous Church in China and the Chinese applications of the principles of Christ. A good many of us are going to see some cherished dogmas and denominations cast aside, but some of us will see emerge the rare figure of a Man, liberated from the trappings we have put upon Him, which were not of His choosing.

Just now the weakest thing in China is the Government. Everything one hears of it is true. It is quite as bad as possible. It could not be more corrupt and helpless. What then? Well, I do not think the procession of youth will pass it by. Given time for them to grow a little more in depth, I believe these courageous young will fall upon it and demolish it. Bolshevism? No, I think not. The young Chinese rants a little and philosophizes a great deal, but he has an inner foundation of unemotional, hard common-sense, a practical gift from his ancestors, which will make him stop and see what Bolshevism has done thus far, and finding it barren of fruit he will cling to a saner, slower order of progress.

Time, time — that is the great essential of the Chinese. Expose him, figuratively speaking, to the best we have, let him take the best as he sees it, and then let us wait for development; wait, if need be, with patience to the third and fourth generation. They have always built slowly. Their great city walls are typical. Huge foundations, steady, immovable, laid with the unhurried hands of a hundred generations of men. So again with their ancient civilization. It has been a thing of ages. It must be so again in its rebuilding. They are not a facile, quick people. They must see well and work slowly. But the result will be founded in the depths and it will be sure.

The carpenter next door but one to me came last year to make me a little dragon-carved table. He spent weeks over the pattern. Every detail must be perfectly clear before he could begin. He brought me half a dozen drawings. At last the table was fashioned and finally finished, and then polished exquisitely as only dull teak can polish. It will be a thing of beauty for my children's children. Now this does not mean that there will not be much cheap work done in many things — cheap politics, superficial education, shoddy commercialism. That is a phase of progress. For the last ten years the famous chinaware of Kiangsi has been degenerating into a distressing stuff made for quick sales for foreigners. Blurred patterns and careless workmanship made sad those of us who know the rare old rice-pattern bowls

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and teacups. But last summer I noticed some of the old lines creeping back. The temporary fever of the sudden new market was passing. The old craft was coming into its own again.

'This is an old design,' I remarked to the proprietor in a china-shop.

'Yes,' he said with a smile, 'there is a beauty there which has been tried and found to be well beloved.'

So I say the menace of Western civilization is superficial. I confess I do not like many things. I do not like, for instance, to see these young men and women students just back from abroad locked in the foolish embraces of modern dancing. It is unseemly and unfitting. I keep seeing behind them the graciousness and dignity of their ancestry. This hopping about is unworthy. We have better than that to give them. But I realize too that they must find it out for themselves and we shall have to endure for a space until they do so.

Least of all am I afraid of denationalization. They may adopt foreign things wholesale for a brief time. But the immutability of Chinese nature will be too much even for their own desires. They will unconsciously and inevitably begin to adapt — adapt customs and religion, morals, and politics — and in the end be quite as individually Chinese as ever. Indeed the West may be rather astounded some day to see certain things she had considered her own become so essentially Chinese that she will have to swallow hard and rub her eyes and think to remember their real origin.

Many times has China been conquered, so they say. It must be true, since history writes it so. But the conquerors and all their pomp are long since gone; enveloped, assimilated. And the vanquished have become the final victors through sheer persistence of inertia, and of time. It has been as much as a nation's life is worth to conquer the Chinese. Unresisting and resistless, they have slowly and peacefully dissipated the alien forces and in a hundred years have again become the conquerors.

It is this unreasoning, enduring individuality which the foreigner first dislikes and then perhaps unwillingly admires in the Chinese. He never quite understands it. It is more than pride of race, although it has that element in it. It is an unconscious thing, a conviction which is part and parcel of their make-up that China is the real place and everything else is foreign and extraneous. But it is more than that. It is like the ocean — inexplicable, changeful, yet fundamentally unchangeable. Everything added to it does not increase it, and nothing can really be taken away from it. It is as natural and as unaccountable as an element of nature. Whatever it is, it is the quality which will keep China sane in a whirling world. It will keep her young people sober and her old from the hopelessness of the times. It provides for them a sublime self-confidence which nothing can destroy, a firm belief that all will eventually be well, in spite of present flood and famine and banditry.

'Are we not the people of the middle country of the world?' asked my old teacher the other day in a tone of tranquil surprise and as innocently as a child. And I, for one, was not prepared to say him either yea or nay.

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THE HIGHBROWS[1]

BY HELEN GRAHAM

From *Blackwood's Magazine*
(London and Edinburgh Literary Monthly)

Mrs. Downie, widow of the late headmaster of Peden Knowe Primary School, was on her way to the Post Office. As a rule she avoided it on Saturday afternoons, for all the 'clash' of the countryside then took place there, and Mrs. Downie was not one who cared to mix herself in other people's concerns. A letter, however, that required posting had caused her to deviate from custom.

From the top of the hill leading down to the Post Office a large poster in the 'sweetie' window caught her eye and aroused her curiosity. The General Election was over two months ago, so this could be no political announcement, and yet the size of the lettering suggested information of national importance.

On a nearer view she read: —

The Athenæum Guild
of Players
will present
Shakespeare's Comedy,
'TWELFTH NIGHT,'
in the
Peden Knowe Public Hall,
On Sat. next, 2*nd* Feb.,
at 7.30 p.m.
Reserved seats, 2*s*.
Unreserved, 1*s*.
To be had within.

Shakespeare! This was something new for Peden Knowe. Music hall companies, with variety programmes, were getting quite common in the winter months, and last autumn the famous melodrama, *Blood Will Tell*, had brought its thrills to the village, and incidentally to Mrs. Downie, in spite of her prejudice against its title; but this was the first time that Peden Knowe had been offered Shakespeare.

Mrs. Downie was roused from her examination of the poster by the tinkling of the Post Office doorbell and the appearance of Miss Jameson, the doctor's sister.

'Coarse weather, Euphe-mi'a!' Mrs. Downie accented the name as in Jeremiah. Then she pointed a gloved hand at the poster.

'I'm thinking it's quite a good idea to give the village something refined and out of the common for a change.'

Mrs. Downie felt it incumbent upon her to throw the mantle of her approval over Shakespeare, seeing that the late Mr. Downie had always set such store by him at recitations and prize-givings. Miss Jameson seemed to hesitate before replying. She had opened her mouth to say that she was not greatly taken with Shakespeare, when the recollection of Mr. Soutar's outrageous remark stopped her.

Miss Jameson had told no one of that experience of hers at the time of the Election, lest it should get round

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to the ears of her brother. She was ashamed now of having been beguiled into attending a Socialist meeting. She would never have thought of such a thing had it not been for the tales Lizzie told her in the kitchen about Mr. Soutar's eloquence and his daring denunciations.

'Could ye no get hearin' him a wee whilie, when he comes on Friday, juist frae the back where folk wadna see ye?'

Such had been the suggestion that caused Miss Jameson to fall. It was at the Socialist's meeting, then, when he was urging the need of educating the workers, that he made the remark which had affronted Miss Jameson.

'As for the so-called educated classes,' he demanded, — and his fierce eye seemed to seek out Miss Jameson, where she sat in the corner by the door, and challenge her, — 'for what does their boasted culture fit them? For mere money-grabbing' — and here he brought his fist down on the table. 'To offer those people the beauties of Shakespeare is to cast your pearls before swine!'

'An awful common way of speaking,' was Miss Jameson's first thought when she recovered from the violence of the attack — for she was positive it was directed against her and all her friends. 'Fair impudence from a man like him — a plumber to trade.'

The insult had lain locked up in the recesses of Miss Jameson's brain for two months, but now the mention of Shakespeare's name brought Mr. Soutar's words back in all their offensiveness. Here and now was her opportunity to refute the charge and give the man the lie direct.

'Ay, indeed! A fine change — entertaining, and yet improving-like.' Miss Jameson spoke with such fervor that her companion was quite taken aback. She had looked for assent but not enthusiasm. 'And you'll be going yourself likely, Janet?'

'Well, I'd hardly got that length.' Mrs. Downie felt that she was being unaccountably rushed, and she resented this. But an inspiration came to her. 'Maybe we should set the example. I doubt Peden Knowe folk'll no turn out for Shakespeare in a hurry. It's just music hall stuff they're after. I'm not caring about going by myself to the Hall on Saturday, but you take a ticket, Euphemia, and come along with me. The two of us'll be fine company.'

Again, to Mrs. Downie's astonishment, the invitation was accepted with alacrity, and it was there and then arranged that Mrs. Downie should take the tickets and call for Miss Jameson at seven o'clock Saturday night.

'See and not forget now, Euphemia,' was Mrs. Downie's final word of caution from the Post Office door.

Mrs. Downie examined the tickets rather dubiously when she got home. Four shillings for two tickets was a lot of money. It might be very improving, as Euphemia had said, but — her thoughts went back to that tense moment in *Blood Will Tell* when the gambling Marquis stepped on to the terrace at Monte Carlo, in his perfectly fitting dress-clothes, revolver in hand. She put the recollection resolutely from her. Shakespeare was bound to be more of a toss-up, of course, but it ought to be very enjoyable. *Twelfth Night?* That was n't one that she remembered James mentioning. *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar* — those names came back to her without difficulty; but *Twelfth Night?* If only James were at hand to take a run through of the play with her! It would be an affront to his memory if Euphemia found out that she, Janet Downie, married thirty-two years to a man of literary tastes like Mr. Downie, had no notion what *Twelfth Night* was about. Suddenly an inspiration came

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to her. Mrs. Downie's brain worked normally at a deliberate pace, but with spurts of intuition at times of emergency.

She opened the parlor door, and called across the lobby to her little maid.

'Jeanie, just pull on your overshoes and take my umbrella with the crook — no, the ivory one — and run down to Mistress Anderson's, above the baker, and ask her if she'd kindly give me the loan of the Shakespeare that her Archie got from Mr. Downie when he left the school. She'll have likely put it past, but she'll be able to lay hands on it. And see and keep it from the rain, mind.'

Ten minutes later Jeanie's rubicund face, with an added polish from wind and rain, inserted itself round the door.

'Mistress Anderson's real vexed, mem; but twa meenutes afore I got up the stair, Miss Jameson was in askin' for the loan of the Shakespeare ye was aifter, and she's got the loan o't till Sa'urday furst.'

This was disturbing news. It showed that Euphemia was taking the prospect of *Twelfth Night* seriously, and there was every likelihood of Mrs. Downie experiencing an affront if she did not take measures to protect herself.

It was too late to do anything more that night, but for fully an hour after Mrs. Downie had blown out the light she lay awake, reviewing in turn all her Peden Knowe acquaintances who might possess Shakespeare's works complete.

There was Mrs. Moffat, of course, wife of James's successor at the Schoolhouse. She would be sure to have a Shakespeare — with all her talk about Culture, though it was only Art Needlework she taught before she married. But Mrs. Downie had no intention of applying there, to have it all through Peden Knowe next day that 'Janet Downie was up at Mrs. Moffat's seeking the loan of a Shakespeare to see what it was he had written.' No! It was not Mrs. Moffat who should have the satisfaction of affronting her, whoever else it might be!

In the early morning, the never-failing jet of inspiration played right on to the solution of the problem.

She was going into Glasgow that day to consult her dentist. She would buy a school edition of *Twelfth Night*, cloth-covered, inexpensive, with helpful notes at the end, the kind that James always used in class. The inspiration materialized in a highly satisfactory purchase, and that same evening saw Mrs. Downie, still in her black vegetable-silk jumper and town skirt but in easy slippers and gold-rimmed glasses, wrestling with *Twelfth Night*.

Jeanie, in the kitchen, was quite concerned about her mistress, and confided her anxiety to Miss Jameson's maid, Lizzie, when the latter took a run up to see her after supper.

'I dinna ken what's taen the auld body. She's aye girnin' at me for no bringing her the *Citizen* that we get wi' Geordie aff the seven train. Gin I tak a wee blink at it mysel', she's cryin' on me to ken what way it's no there. And here, the nicht, she's sittin' haudin' a wee schule-buke in her haund, and when I gang ben wi' the paper —

'"Ye can keep it," she says. "I'm readin' Shakespeare, and I'm no wantin' ony interruptions!"

'Interruptions! 'Deed! It's indigestion she'll get, I'm thinkin', fashin' hersel' at this hour o' the nicht wi' schule-bukes and Shakespeare, and her wi' a suet pudden to her supper no lang syne.'

Certain it is that when the clock struck ten and Mrs. Downie placed a piece of wool at the close of Act I, Scene 5, she was suffering from severe indigestion of a mental order.

Those foreign names were most confusing and upsetting. Orsino, Antonio,

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Malvolio, Valentine, and Viola — she would never remember which was which. And then, those other people with the daftlike names that she *could* remember, — Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, — their talk and behavior were very far from what one would have expected of Knights or Baronets (Shakespeare had not specified their exact rank). The foreword to the book said that this edition of Shakespeare's plays had been most carefully edited for the use of schools. If so, what must the talk of those two shameless men have been like before? She was surprised — she must admit it with all due respect to James's taste — that Shakespeare should have allowed himself to write the way he had. And all the people in the book, even the ladies, were one as bad as another with their dressings-up and suchlike carryings-on. There was little enough sense and still less shame about them all.

As Mrs. Downie put the book away in the press she thought of Euphemia likewise struggling in the morass of Shakespeare's comedy, and wondered what kind of a job she would be making of it. The following night, just as Jeanie had sat herself down to finish the absorbing breach-of-promise case that had caught her eye in yesterday's *Citizen*, a hand suddenly reached past her shoulder from behind and took the paper from her.

'Guid sakes alive, mem! Whit a fricht ye gie'd me! I thocht ye'd be at yir Shakespeare readin' and no wantin' to be disturbed.'

'I have finished the book,' was the grim reply, 'and I'll thank you for the paper.' And with that Mrs. Downie retired with dignity to the parlor and shut the door.

'I doot the auld ane's beat,' was Jeanie's terse comment on the situation — and she was not far wrong.

After half an hour's struggle beyond the wool-mark, Mrs. Downie had settled to leave *Twelfth Night* at the end of Act III, and trust to Euphemia's having given in long ago. No doubt when they saw the play acted it would be easier to follow.

Saturday evening came round in a drizzle of rain, but it found the undefeated Mrs. Downie, encased in waterproof and overshoes, and holding aloft the ivory-handled umbrella, on the doctor's doorstep at seven sharp.

Punctual as she was, Lizzie was evidently on the lookout for her, for the door opened before Mrs. Downie had touched the bell. The girl was laboring under suppressed excitement, and her face was wreathed in smiles.

'Miss Jameson's expecting ye, mem, and she says will ye step upstairs juist for a meenite?'

Then, as she saw Mrs. Downie's gesture of refusal, she added: —

'Miss Macnab — yon's her cousin — has brocht her "fee-on-say" oot frae Glasgie. Ye'll likely have heard' (she was now divesting Mrs. Downie's unresisting form of her mackintosh) 'that Miss Macnab's to be married on a brither o' Mistress Morrison's at the hotel. M'Kechnie, they ca' him. He's in the motor line, and yon's his caur at the gate, and they're tellin' me he has a braw hoose oot Duntocher way.'

Mrs. Downie's impressions of Miss Macnab's fiancé cannot be given here. Mr. M'Kechnie's part in this narrative is merely to provide an explanation for the fact that the two Shakespeare enthusiasts arrived at the door of the Public Hall fully a quarter of an hour after the play had begun.

They were received with frank disapproval by the old doorkeeper.

'Tits! Ladies! What's come ower ye bidin' at hame till the clavers is near at an end? The lichts are oot, sae ye maun juist creep awa to yir seats on the left-haund side.'

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The 'clavers' were indeed at their height, and on a very boisterous note. The quips and extravagant jesting on the stage were drowned by the stamping of feet and laughter from the back of the hall. It seemed hopeless to the two breathless and bewildered latecomers to attempt to get an inkling of what was afoot. It was therefore a relief that after ten minutes of uproar the curtain came down and made an end of the rioting.

'That was soon past,' sighed Miss Jameson when quiet was restored. 'And I did n't seem to have time to take it in. But we'll likely catch up with the story when it starts again.'

Mrs. Downie was busy taking stock of the audience.

'I knew fine by the row,' she said, with a commiserating look over her shoulder, 'whatna kind of a crowd we had at our backs. It's what I feared. There's not a dozen two-shilling folk here, Euphemia. Just the Moffats, Mr. Anderson, and the teacher from the Rawns. A fair disgrace. The weather'll get the blame, I'm thinking, but it's not the weather that's keeping those back that should know better.'

'The back seats are full,' suggested Miss Jameson.

'Aye! With the halflin's and girls you'll get at any show in Peden Knowe. They're out to have a laught, and they'll never catch on to a play of this kind. They're not used with Shakespeare.'

Miss Jameson here thought it best to plead guilty herself to the latter indictment, and confessed that she had made an effort to remedy her ignorance by borrowing Mrs. Anderson's copy of the poet's works.

'But I did n't seem to make much of the book, some way,' she added humbly.

Mrs. Downie met Euphemia's confession with an equally handsome avowal.

'I don't mind letting on to you that I took a run through of the play myself a while back, to put me in mind of it again. I see they're selling programmes at the door, but there's no use in wasting sixpence when the names'll not help you. You're not needing to heed the crowd we saw at their capers just now — loonies, the lot of them. What you've to watch for is the Countess; what's this they call her? Well, I can't mind. But it's the Duke she's after — Orsino. And there's a girl dressed up as a page carrying on with the Duke. They're putting out the lights. Watch now, and you'll see the rest for yourself.'

As a matter of fact, the raising of the curtain revealed a stage so dimly lit that it was hard to distinguish human figures from tree-trunks, of which there seemed to be several near the wings. The darkness, however, seemed to bring Mrs. Downie satisfaction.

'This'll be the way it's called *Twelfth Night*,' she whispered to her companion. 'I see the sense of it now.'

Silence reigned in the body of the hall, and Miss Jameson was all attention. After a prolonged study of the situation, she came to the conclusion that something had gone wrong with all the characters upon the stage. The ladies had each their troubles to unburden across the footlights, and when they had finished it was the gentlemen's turn. All spoke in measured tones, rolling their words upon their lips, but in the darkness it was difficult to distinguish one figure from another, and quite impossible to discover the Duke that Janet had spoken of.

During the next interval she confided her difficulty to her neighbor.

'The tall gentleman's beautiful at the pleading,' she said, 'and I think he suits the black velvet awful well. But I've never yet got his name.'

'Yon's Orsino,' said her guide firmly.

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'I thought it was something else they called him just now, but maybe I'm a little dull of hearing.'

'It's no easy seeing for that matter,' remarked Mrs. Downie. 'It's a mercy I had my stronger glasses with me, but I never thought to be needing them the way I am.'

The next act revealed a stage even darker than before, and Mrs. Downie thought it time to expostulate.

'When folks pays money to see a Shakespeare play,' she announced in a loud whisper, 'they expect for to see it. We're no getting as much to look at as you'll get in any picture-house.'

Miss Jameson did not answer. The beautiful voice of the gentleman in black velvet, the darkness of the hall, and the heat the walk had put her into — all these combined to exert their soporific effect upon her senses and to lull her into a state of oblivion.

Mrs. Downie felt it was hardly fair that the strain of identifying characters and keeping a grip upon the thread of the story should be left entirely to her. She was not one, however, to give in like Euphemia. So she sat grimly through the act, upright and observant, holding fast to as much of the plot as she could remember from her reading of the play, and steadfastly refusing to be sidetracked by vague shapes and voices that tried to obtrude themselves upon her attention. Only when the act came to an end did she relax and rouse her neighbor with an elbow.

'Euphemia,' she said reproachfully to her shamefaced companion. 'The mix-up in this play makes one fair dizzy. It must be near ten, and I'll not can get a wink of sleep to-night with the way I've had to use my brain.'

As if to reward Mrs. Downie for her fidelity and watchfulness, the next and last act revealed itself in a fine blaze of light. What is more, Mrs. Downie had the intense satisfaction of 'catching up' at long last with Orsino. He was revealed in all his ducal splendor, surrounded by a retinue of nobles who addressed him alternately as 'My Lord' and 'The Duke.' It showed how right she had been all along to cling to the main plot and the chief characters and not to allow herself to be confused by subsidiary shapes and forms outside her ken.

It was now possible for her and Euphemia, with minds at ease, to bring discriminating comment to bear upon the costumes. Indeed, so busy were the two ladies discussing the possibility of adapting one of the dresses,— a purple velvet,—with variations to suit Mrs. Downie's figure, that the final fall of the curtain caught them unawares.

'Dearie me! And I've never given them a right clap yet!' exclaimed the apologetic Miss Jameson. 'But then I never seemed to catch up with them from the start, as you did, Janet.'

The two friends parted at the doctor's door.

'Euphemia,' said Mrs. Downie, and her tone was strongly reminiscent of the late Mr. Downie's when returning thanks after a limelight lecture, 'this has been a fine experience — a rare treat. But what's vexing me is the poor turnout Peden Knowe made to-night. At the Guild Meeting on Monday I've a mind to let those that should have been there know what I think, and another time they'll maybe no leave it to you and me to set an example to the riffraff of the place.'

Mrs. Downie did not wait until Monday to carry her intention into effect. At the 'skailing' of the Kirk she gave full vent to her appreciation of Shakespeare's masterpiece (for so she classed it), and her surprise at the small number of her acquaintances present the previous night. Miss Jameson, standing by, could only wish

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that Mr. Soutar were there to hear Janet's enthusiasm, and to retract his insult. 'Pearls before swine,' indeed!

But now, as Miss Jameson made her way to the Guild tea-party at the Manse, she found herself wishing that the exuberance of Janet's enthusiasm had had time to cool a little. There was no use in overdoing the thing, and it would be a pity to put people against Shakespeare. Some folk were so odd that they seemed to resent Janet's enthusiasm for his masterpiece.

There was that remark of Mrs. Gray's for instance: that she was 'a plain, Peden Knowe body, wi' nane o' thae sneisty, upsettin' ways ye'll see some folks gien' theirsel'.' It may not have been meant for Janet, but somehow Miss Jameson thought it was. She would need to warn her.

'And were you not at *Twelfth Night*, Mrs. Smith? Nor you, Mrs. Paterson? Indeed, I'm surprised, for it's not often we get a chance of Shakespeare out Peden Knowe way. *Twelfth Night* was just a perfect treat!'

Miss Jameson's heart sank as these words were borne to her through the half-open door of the Manse parlor. She was too late for her warning then, and as she made her entry into the room Mrs. Downie was in the act of claiming corroboration from Mrs. Moffat.

'For I saw you there on Saturday night,' she said.

'*Twelfth Night?*' And the lady addressed looked rather blankly at the speaker. 'I did n't quite catch your remark, Mrs. Downie.'

Mrs. Downie repeated it with a shade of annoyance in her tone.

Mrs. Moffat was always one who liked to put you down if she could.

'But that was n't *Twelfth Night*, Mrs. Downie.' There was a pause.

Mrs. Downie's bosom heaved under her plush coat, and she swallowed her mouthful of tea with difficulty. Then she put her cup down on the whatnot.

'Do I understand you to say, Mrs. Moffat, that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was not given in the Public Hall last Saturday night?'

'I do say it, Mrs. Downie — and what's more, I can prove it.'

Such was the dignity of the two protagonists that it affected the whole circle in the Manse parlor. All looked into their cups with expressionless faces. Perhaps it occurred to them that nothing in the whole range of Shakespeare's tragedies could equal this moment in dramatic intensity. Certainly Euphemia felt this, though she could not have put the thought into words. Very deliberately Mrs. Moffat dived into her handbag and produced a folded programme, which she handed to Mrs. Downie.

'I'll trouble you to read aloud the slip that's pasted in,' she said. And mechanically Mrs. Downie obeyed.

'"The Athenæum Guild of Players beg to announce that, owing to illness in the cast, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has been substituted for *Twelfth Night* as billed."'

Such was the affront experienced by Mrs. Downie and Miss Jameson at the tea-party of the Peden Knowe Women's Guild. Neither lady has ever brought herself to allude to the incident again — even to the other. Both are conscious that they received a mortal affront. They differ in ascribing responsibility.

Euphemia is of opinion that both Mr. Soutar and the Athenæum Guild of Players had a hand in the humiliation inflicted upon her and her friend, but she is willing to admit that, on the part of the Guild, it was unintentional.

Janet Downie, on the other hand, holds Mrs. Moffat mainly and deliberately responsible for the affront, with William Shakespeare as an accessory before the fact.

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THE TRIUMPH OF THE JUNGLE

BY JAAP KOOL

From *Uhu, November*
(BERLIN POPULAR MONTHLY)

THE incidental effects of music are, luckily, not the only things that determine its æsthetic value, for if they were we should, no doubt, have to regard the jazz-band as the highest form of music.

No matter how bad a humor I happen to be in, I find that playing one of Paul Whiteman's magnificent phonograph-records makes another man of me in a flash. My pulse quickens, my toe begins to tap assiduously, my ears prick up in an effort to catch all the fine points of the music, my fancy falls to painting pictures of every hue, and I long to be up and doing.

Then I say to myself: 'You have the most magnificent of Mozart's and Bruckner's symphonies — music for which you would go through fire. You honestly enjoy Richard Strauss. Yet none of these has the same fantastic effect upon you as a jazz-band.'

Is it not, after all, by the intensity of experience that we must measure the power of music? You will be thinking, I know, dear reader — especially if you happen to be a professional musician — that tastes vary, that there are those blessed with a taste for purely intellectual music and others who adore the music of the variety hall. So be it; I am not responsible for that. And yet I do not think that this is all the truth.

To-day the jazz-band exercises an enormous influence. The proof? Money is obviously the scale whereby our age measures influence and power. Well, is there a single symphony orchestra that supports itself? Is there an opera that is not struggling with gigantic deficits? Is there, indeed, for the huge number of well-trained and cultivated musicians the bare possibility of a half-way-decent existence? No! Meantime our best jazz-bands are receiving a thousand gold marks for an ordinary day's playing, in addition to which there are phonograph records to be made and the royalties that come with them. A glance at the catalogues shows that jazz stands to all the other music published in the ratio of a hundred to one. Even the flood of operettas and revues survive mainly because they offer a chance to popularize song-hits.

And now I lay Paul Whiteman's record on the phonograph again. Is there really nothing here but senseless noise? Is this only a kind of musical uproar? My own ear is by no means untrained, and yet the music of a jazz-band pleases me. There is spirit here. Still more, there is inspiration. There is even a finely chiseled contrapuntal leading of the voices. How full and beautiful the tone of the saxophone! How enchantingly sentimental the contrasting tenderness of the violin! What *ensemble!* What exactness! The saxophone soars with its syncopation high above everything else. It seems to have forgotten the rhythm, and surges onward like a wave of the sea over water flowing back the other way. And yet the saxophone's syncopation is ul-

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timately brought to a resolution by the percussion instruments. Bang! A tremendous thump spreads through the sounds of the other instruments.

All this can hardly come from banal or superficial minds. Appearances are deceptive. There must be some deeper root here, some deeper understanding. This highly developed rhythm, which is so new to us, can hardly be the work of a day. A lengthy course of development must lie behind it.

Suppose we try to gather together what is known about the origin of the jazz-band. If we may trust a mere story, the word 'jazz' comes from a band in a water-front resort in Philadelphia, which used to have a Negro named Jack Washington playing the drums. This Negro had developed a rhythm so fierce that the band, as a joke, used to stop playing entirely and let Jack rage on the drums alone. When the time came for Jack to play his percussion solos, the sailors would cry in delight, 'Jack! Jack!' — and from this cry of theirs the odd name 'jazz' is derived. But what the Negro played had an inspired frenzy in it — had, as the French would say, *le feu sacré*, a fire that soon blazed up and swept across the whole world. The sailors in that water-front resort thought they were watching something quite unique, a kind of acrobatics, and many of Jack's imitators in the years that followed have produced laughter and amazement on all sides. Only a few recognized that this was not an individual trick of the Negro named Jack, but that it was the inspiration of an entire race, of a whole world of feeling quite different from our own, which had produced this effect.

And now we grow thoughtful. Do we not hear that recently the intellectual superiority of the Negro Prince Kojo Towahu Huénn created more interest in Paris than the Prince of Wales, who was generally neglected? Was it not a Negro who in 1922 won the Goncourt Prize, the highest literary distinction of the 'intellectual Republic' with his novel *Batouala?* And was not another black man, Battling Siki, the champion boxer of Europe? Is it not possible that this much-ridiculed black race may have something of value to give us? Perhaps we ourselves may be more subject to exotic influences than we suspect. Perhaps even the bobbed hair so commonly worn by women to-day — a fashion known for hundreds of years among primitive peoples — may have a similar origin. For primitive peoples do strongly affect our modern life.

In the moving pictures a principal character often remains while everything fades away about him. Let us, in the same way, allow the picture of that harbor resort in Philadelphia, where Jack Washington used to dance and play his drum solos, fade out of our imaginations; and when the picture forms again, we shall see him once more in his native village, dancing the religious dances of his people. I say 'religious dances' because all the primitive dances of exotic peoples are primarily incantations and magic rites, primitive peoples being, as a rule, extremely pious. We see our friend Jack swinging the dance rattle, while the women play in an orchestra that consists mainly of drums, tom-toms, hollow bamboo, sticks of wood, and other things of the sort. Now we begin to remember what an enormous part rhythm plays among primitive peoples. In many villages every man has a special rhythm of his own, with which his friends can call him or greet him. If important tidings must be communicated in haste, they are spread from village to village by rhythmic strokes on a gigantic wooden drum, — the so-called drum-language, — and the rhythms necessary for all this are by no means simple.

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We know that among many primitive peoples there is a marked preference for quintuple time. We see how naturally this time — so rare in our own musical literature — is suited to these peoples, when we find a melody from a French opera, originally written in two-four time, taken over and changed into five-eight time by the repetition of the first eighth note. Indeed, our European sense of rhythm is extraordinarily undeveloped when compared with that of primitive peoples. Compare the rhythm of one of our folk-songs with a primitive folk-song. In our song there is a continuous similarity, a rhythmic monotony, whereas in the primitive song there is much more life, even a kind of rhythmic counterpoint — that is, something like a rhythmic conversation between two rhythms of equal value, balanced one against the other. I admit, it is true, that in compensation for this our music has attained a higher melodic development; but there is no denying that the possibility of great progress in rhythm still lies before us — especially when rhythm is related to melody.

Neither must we forget that the rhythms of exotic peoples have one fundamental difference from our own. All the more interesting to note, then, that to-day, when these exotic rhythms have forced their way into our modern dances and dance orchestras, it is upon them that musicians depend to determine the suitability of pieces for the jazz-band. We Europeans, whose music is derived almost exclusively from song and choral, speak, for example, of a whole or a half note, and so come to take a very long note as our unit. Observe that all notes played faster than this unit — the so-called half, quarter, and eighth notes — appear to us as breaks and divisions of this unit. Quite otherwise with the exotic peoples. They think of a long note of the sort we term a whole note as the result of adding together many shorter notes. Their rhythmic unit is something like our eighth note, and so they find in our long notes nothing restful, but rather a heaping-up of unrest. While one of their musicians is playing a whole note he is feeling within him the sum of a series of eighth notes. This attitude toward rhythm explains why so many of our good and cultivated musicians find absolutely nothing in a jazz-band, and also why almost all classically educated composers are unable to write genuine jazz. Irving Berlin, one of the most famous composers in America, who has recently established an immense music-publishing house, can neither read nor play notes.

But modern jazz is no longer merely a matter of rhythm. The saxophone is almost more characteristic of the modern jazz-band than the drum itself. These two contrasting elements clash with each other. One might almost speak of a mingling in the hearer's mind of exotic rhythm and of European melody. In the beginning the jazz-band was the creature of the drums. Not only did it employ drums, kettledrums, wood drums, triangles, cymbals, and even cowbells and motor-horns, but even such instruments as the banjo and the piano were used primarily as instruments to create a rhythm through which the violin, the only instrument left to carry the melody, had an extraordinarily hard time making itself heard. In order to help it out, the members of the band made a practice, in the earlier days, of singing the more important parts of the melody, usually the refrain; until one day somebody had the idea of supporting the violin with a tuba, later with a trombone, and finally with a cornet. But even these stood then, and still stand, in the shadow of the drums and noisy instruments. The tuba's tone was car-

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ried up two or three octaves and led the melody in the soprano. The trombone and cornet were muted until the tone became sharp, squeaky, and nasal. . . .

A study of primitive dances makes it quite clear that in them the unnatural is deliberately intended and deliberately sought. The limbs are intentionally given a painful or cramped position, the falsetto is used side by side with chest tones, the voice is given a nasal quality. Notes are joined by a screaming glissando, and one shrieks and trills with lips and cheeks and tongue. The object is to emphasize by these extraordinary actions and these extraordinary noises that something altogether unusual is going on — something suited to the world of demons. To emphasize this impression, savages use masks made in horrible and terrifying designs, or else employ absurd colors and symbolic paintings on their bodies.

Taken in relation to these dances, many of the properties of jazz assume quite a different aspect. Whether our best jazz-bands contrive to produce a genuine world of demons or not, at least there is no denying that they do produce a powerful effect upon us.

The decisive turning in the history of the jazz-band came with the victory of the saxophone. Where did this instrument originate? In the year 1842 a man came from Brussels to Paris without a penny. His name was Adolph Sax. His sole possession was an instrument which he had invented in his father's musical-instrument shop — a brass clarinet of curious construction with which he stirred up a commotion upon the pinnacles of the Parisian musical world, among such men as Halévy and Auber. He received an especially favorable reception from Berlioz, who provided the inventor with the money necessary to carry out his plans. Sax now built seven of these instruments, named saxophones in his honor, of different sizes, which were speedily introduced into the French military bands. His idea was as follows. Among the instruments of the orchestra the clarinet stands next the violin in its range. Like the violin, it can produce a flowing melody or quick and short rhythmic staccati in close succession. It is, of course, incapable of the violin's double-stopping, and cannot produce two tones at once; but in compensation for that, it can leap more quickly from the highest to the lowest tones and back again. If any instrument was to equal the violin, it had to be some kind of clarinet. But the clarinet lacks a full tone and expressiveness, and Sax, in order to improve these faults, planned a clarinet with various alterations. By building his saxophone in seven different sizes, he could go from the deepest tones of the contrabass saxophone to the highest tones of the soprano saxophone, or even to the piccolo saxophone. It is interesting to read what Berlioz was writing about the new invention in his work on instrumentation as early as 1840: 'This instrument, recently added to the orchestra, has rare and remarkable properties. It is tender and yet penetrating in the upper register, full and emphatic in the lower register, expressive in the highest degree in the middle register. On the whole a unique tone, different from that of the cello, related to that of the clarinet and the English horn, with a faint suggestion of the metallic which gives it an expressiveness all its own. The higher tones of the bass saxophone have a lamenting, sobbing note about them; its lower tones, on the other hand, a magnificent, almost priestly, calm. The baritone and bass saxophone especially are able to produce a lingering crescendo, so that from the lower portion of the scale tonal effects are produced which have not hitherto been possible. In times to come adroit

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composers will produce wonderful effects which are now beyond us.'

Since Berlioz wrote this no improvements have been made in the instrument, although the saxophone has been much used and a whole series of saxophone schools have sprung up and theoretical treatises on its playing have appeared, especially in America. The fuller tone of the American instruments is probably due entirely to the way in which they are played.

Simultaneously with the rapid introduction of the saxophone, a figure who had until then been shamefully neglected there, and who in Europe is even now neglected, came to the front in America — the man who makes the special arrangements of music and adapts them to the jazz-band, transforming them, introducing new parts, adding rhythmic refinements, adding solos in case the band is lucky enough to possess good soloists on special instruments, and so forth. Much depends on the purpose of the adaptation. Preparing a piece for phonograph records is especially important. Although it is often said that in rehearsals the musicians often improvise, each man devising individual touches and additional melodies for his own instrument, this is only partially true. Such things do indeed happen, but they are based on a careful adaptation of the piece as a whole, and are restricted to a very small range. In America almost all bands play without notes. The adapters are often more important and more interesting than the musicians under whose names the bands are known, and though they seldom gain much publicity, they are, at least in America, better paid than the musicians.

Before we study more closely the nature of their adaptations, let us first understand the make-up of a modern jazz-band. It consists of from twelve to fourteen men, and if it is complete includes two pianos, two banjos, two saxophones (who also play the clarinets), two cornets, one tenor trombone, one Sousa phone (especially the bass-tuba- or Helicon-form which was introduced into American military music by the American march-composer Sousa), one violin, and a battery of percussion instruments played by one man.

If we compare these with the salon orchestra which was once so popular, we see at once how different a spirit, style, and technique is required. The salon orchestra consists of a number of first and second violins, cello, contrabass, piano, harmonium, trumpet, trombone, kettledrum, flute, and clarinet. The mere outward appearance of the principal violin of the old days and the leader of a modern jazz-band is enough to show the wide difference between the whole style of the two.

Now what is an American jazz-adaptation like? Entirely different from our own. The music is for the most part in the old song-form: that is, after a few introductory measures the first part follows, conforming closely to the text and somewhat resembling a recitative, the whole closing with the principal part — the refrain. Although the verses, which we may call the recitative, are divided into various stanzas and therefore change, the refrain — which, so to speak, contains the moral of the tale — remains the same. The first introductory measures are used by American adapters only once, but they throw themselves on the refrain with more ardor. When it first appears they make it very beautiful and sonorous. The saxophone sounds its deep organ-notes, and you might almost think it some kind of hymn; but just as you are beginning to feel relatively sure of this mood, there comes a little run from the soprano saxophone or some soft and unexpected flourish — perhaps a glissando in the strikingly different tones

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of the alto saxophone — which offers a highly amusing contrast to the sentimental solemnity. It is very much as if the instruments were suddenly to remark: 'We can do it this way, too.' In such passages we are strongly reminded of the passage in Richard Strauss's 'Till Eulenspiegel' where we hear the solemn procession and the solemn scholars, at whom Till suddenly sticks out his tongue. We think, too, of the brief but deeply earnest impulses of Till's soul, which Strauss represents by a beautiful theme from a street ballad. In each case the spirit is the same — and is it not fundamentally the same spirit that characterizes our time?

After the jazz-band have once played through the original melody in full tone, they seem to say: 'Let us hope you have got the theme in your ears. Remember it, if you please — and now just see what we can make of it!' Then follows a whole series of variations on the refrain, in which, however — and this is a point that many hearers fail to understand — the original theme is kept still lingering on the ear. So clearly indeed that it need only be touched, indicated, or even caricatured. Many of the poorer bands recognize no gradations. They begin to distort and to make the theme absolutely unrecognizable, whereas the good bands, under trained leaders, begin gradually and slowly, drawing away from the original melody bit by bit. Of course, it is the adapter's business to find variations even while conforming to the nature of the piece. I have, for example, four different phonograph-records of a piece of music called 'The Sheik,' all of them so adapted that they constitute quite different pieces, with the original composer vanishing into background.

In closing I might indicate one other possibility of development which the jazz-band, with a sure instinct, has itself discovered for us. About two years ago Paul Whiteman, who in the meantime had had to do with from sixteen to twenty bands in New York which he had trained and established, gave a concert with some two hundred jazz-musicians in Carnegie Hall, the greatest and most important concert-hall in New York — an exploit which Jean Wiéner imitated in the Salle des Agricultures in Paris on a smaller scale. Unfortunately, as both suffered from lack of a repertoire especially adapted to them, they could play only shimmies, fox-trots, and blues. Whiteman, in true American style, had all the musicians arranged as if on a terrace and clad entirely in white. These white clothes were colored by spotlights according to the mood of the piece — red, blue, green, and so forth, each solo-player being given a spotlight with a color of its own, perhaps yellow, perhaps something else, while all the others were flooded with red light.

It is not long since the 'Blues Rhapsody' caused a tremendous stir in New York. It assembled a number of original Negro melodies in a single rhapsodic composition. Various other composers have already worked in this direction. Eric Satie wrote ragtime in his pantomime 'Parade.' Strawinsky, Hindemith, Milhaud, and many others have written rags and shimmies with thoroughly modern harmonies and atonal passages, but the decisive step in this direction is still to be taken: these compositions must be played by genuine jazz-bands.

Let us be clear about this. If modern composers once grasp the style and rhythm of this music, rooted as it is in an exotic life, their compositions will not be playable by our philharmonic orchestras, — excellent institutions of their kind, but with quite a different intellectual orientation, — or by their conductors, but will have to be played by highly developed jazz-bands.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

WILD THYME

ELEANOR FARJEON

[*Chapbook*]

Time runs wild on the hilltops,
Time walks tame in the valleys,
Time runs wild with Gypsy Nan,
But oh! goes tame with Alice.

Night and day on the hilltops
Are one to the gypsy child;
She eats her breakfast by the moon
Up there where time runs wild.

Alice, meek in the valleys,
Lives by her mother's plan. —
'Oh, Alice, run on the hills with me,
Run with wild Gypsy Nan.

'You shall lie and sleep in the sunlight
While your playmates sit in school,
And when they lie beneath the sheets
You shall dance with stars in a pool.

'You shall dream most when you're waking,
You shall learn most when you play,
You never will think of to-morrow
Or remember yesterday.

'You shall eat when you will and go where you will,
For all folk follow their wills
Who leave their ticking clocks to live
With the wild thyme on the hills.

'For time runs wild on the hilltops,
And time walks tame in the valleys.' —
'I thank you kindly, Gypsy Nan;
I'll stay where I am,' said Alice.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

KEEPING UP WITH BERNARD SHAW

KEEPING up with Bernard Shaw is a problem mainly because the talented tenant of number 10 Adelphi Terrace is an advertising as well as a literary genius. No one appreciates publicity more. No one secures more of it. In fairness be it added, no one deserves it more — for if it is true that Mr. Shaw is always in the papers, it is also true that he is always doing something so extraordinary or saying something so amusing that London's 'chief reporters' — that is, in American, 'city editors' — have no choice save to open their hearts and their most prominent columns. (In a city editor these are identical.)

Within the last few weeks, for example, the redoubtable G. B. S. has written letters to individuals so diverse as the editors of the *Moscow Izvestia* and the London *Morning Post*. He has held forth in public on the Russian and Egyptian questions. He has — *in absentia* — had a Berlin production of *St. Joan* by the great Reinhardt. He has received a clavichord as a birthday present from his wife. He has read his play, *O'Flaherty, V.C.*, by radio to most of the British Isles and a fair share of Europe, and he has moved a gentleman named Beer to write from Berlin to assure the editor of the Labor newspaper, the *Daily Herald*, of the low esteem in which he — the aforesaid Herr Beer — holds the Irish playwright. Who could refrain from quoting Launcelot Gobbo? This is indeed 'a simple coming-in for one man.'

Of all the recent Shavian exploits, the broadcasting must have been the most amusing to all concerned. For more than a year the British Broadcasting Company had been dickering with the dramatist — a shrewd business man whose theatrical contracts are written by himself and are a terror to managers. It was at first proposed that Mr. Shaw should make a speech preliminary to the broadcasting of Shakespeare. This suggestion elicited only the reply that 'Shakespeare and Shaw are both very good in their way, but the mixture would be a bore and a failure.' The company was also warned on one of the post-cards that Mr. Shaw habitually uses: 'Don't adopt any unusual form of publicity without consulting me, but as I am going to speak to the universe, the universe may as well be prepared for it.'

Presently the great night arrived.

Debate between Shaw and Belloc — Sidney Webb Listening
(Will Dyson in the *Daily Herald*)

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After a twelve months' persuasion, Mr. Shaw broadcasted *O'Flaherty V. C.* from Station 2LO.

'I am going to do just precisely what an author does when he goes to a theatre and reads his play to the manager and the actors,' Mr. Shaw began. 'You can imagine the manager listening with the hope that it is good, and the actors with the hopes that they have got good parts.'

Then came the opening of the play with cheers, bands, drums, and the National Anthem. When the stage directions called for the singing of 'Tipperary,' Mr. Shaw did the singing himself. For was he not brought up in a musical household? And was he not in his youthful days the musical critic about whom all London talked?

The *Manchester Guardian* hailed the event as 'the first occasion in history when a very great dramatist has been able and willing to read even a minor example of his theatrical conceptions to any sitting-room hearthrug from Land's End to John o' Groat's.' Mr. Shaw's own comment was far more modest.

'The author closes his book,' he announced as the reading ended. 'The play is over. Ladies and gentlemen, I hope I have not bored you. Good night!'

Mr. Shaw's brush with the *Morning Post* — a stalwart Tory journal, adept at viewing with alarm — was as entertaining as his broadcasting and far more lively. G. B. S. had discussed the Russian question for an hour at an open meeting in London, to which the *Post* did not condescend to send a reporter. Presently, however, when a Russian summary of his remarks, amounting in all to some twenty-one lines, appeared in *Izvestia*, the *Morning Post* made some comment upon the Russian version of the speech.

'Why does the *Morning Post* always go to Moscow for its news about me?' inquired the irate dramatist in a letter to the editor, and added the galling suggestion that perhaps 'the Moscow and Petrograd papers know their business better than the London ones.' The editor replied icily that he had treated the whole matter 'with every reserve,' and then concluded — with a further drop in temperature: 'It is now clear that our reserve was quite unnecessary.'

Two weeks later the fray was on again. *Izvestia* requested Mr. Shaw to state his position on the Russian question. Now Bernard Shaw is a man who dearly loves to state his position on anything at all. The Muscovite editor got a two-column reply beginning: 'I am afraid it is not possible for *Izvestia* to publish my opinion' — a fear which turned out to be well founded, for the paper printed but two sentences. And no wonder! For Mr. Shaw had casually referred to the 'bourgeois idealism and childish inexperience of men and affairs' revealed in 'every line' of the Third International's Constitution, meantime solemnly advising the Soviet Government to cut loose at once from all association with such a body. Further, he put himself beyond the Communist pale for good and all by saying roundly that Karl Marx, though a great man, was a bit of a back number.

Yet *Izvestia* did not succeed in suppressing the letter, for the original English version promptly appeared in the *Daily Herald*. The *Morning Post*, however, found considerable malicious joy in pointing out that while the Shavian letter was suppressed in Russia, 'such persons' as Bertrand Russell, Israel Zangwill, and Charles Trevelyan were printed in full.

Amid all this tumult Mrs. Shaw gave her husband a clavichord for a birthday present, and he placidly learned to play on it.

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THE CRITICS OF EVERYBOOK

THE English novelist Frank Swinnerton addressed the *Bookman* Literary Circle the other night on authors and their critics. He startled his hearers by his formidable list of all the critics that an author must satisfy before his book can hope for success. Most people would say offhand that if a book satisfies the author, his publisher, and the reviewers it has done its fair share, but the novelist's list is larger and more terrible: —

Author.
Author's wife, mother, and other relatives.
Author's friends.
Author's typist.
Publisher's reader.
Publisher.
Public.
Reviewer.

Yet there is no sign of an end to the 'making of many books.'

✻

THE ROMANCE OF A FIRST EDITION

EVERY honest book-lover, as everybody knows, lives in hope of picking up a rare and valuable book somewhere, somehow, for a few shillings. Maurice Hewlett once reached up on the dust-covered shelf of an old library in a country house and plucked down a first folio. The novelist had to explain to its astonished owners what the book was, which is probably the reason it had stayed there so long. One of the two known copies of *Ralph Roister Doister* saw the light for the first time in centuries when an old fireplace was pulled down in an English country-house. The book had probably been forgotten by its last reader and walled up in the inglenook. And these are the chances that bibliophiles dream of.

Unhappily, as rare books grow rarer and more expensive, such romantic finds become less frequent. That is why bibliographical England has been so much interested in a lawsuit in the Portmadoc County Court over a first edition of Gray's 'Elegy' sold by a Merionethshire quarry-clerk to a firm of English booksellers. Robert Owen, the clerk, having no idea of the value of his book, parted with it for fifteen shillings. The booksellers disposed of it for 470 pounds, and it is said to have been resold later for 1550 pounds. When the indignant quarryman learned what had happened, he brought suit against the dealers, who defended themselves on the ground that their agent, in buying the book, did not realize that it was a first edition. The suit was eventually settled by payment of an additional sum to the quarryman.

Five copies of the first edition of *Pickwick* came up for sale at Sotheby's the other day, one of which, containing all the points that collectors desire, was sold for 700 pounds, while two others, less perfect, went for 225 pounds and 215 pounds respectively. The first collected edition of Ben Jonson's *Works* brought 68 pounds at the same sale.

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WHAT DOES THE PUBLIC WANT?

MANY a publisher's reader, many a critic, and, needless to say, many a novelist, has pondered the question: What does the public really want? Only a bold man could pretend to have found the answer; but M. Albin Michel, the Parisian publisher of such successful novelists as Pierre Benoit, René Maran, Raymond Dorgelès, and Henri Béraud, is a bold man. This is his recipe for success in publishing novels, as he prints it, for the benefit of all his competitors, in *L'Opinion*: —

What does the public want? Three hours' distraction, and that's all. Do not trouble with anything else. People read a good deal, but they want to read quickly and understand speedily without effort. One reason

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for a novel's success is its low price. That is why I think that prices ought not to rise. But to keep them low it is necessary to multiply editions and save paper as well as use the finest type, reducing to 256 pages texts which might occupy 350, and thus making sure that books are short.

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LO, THE POOR CRITIC!

A MUSICAL critic in Berlin — the poor man is clearly suffering from what an American essayist long ago nicknamed 'musical indigestion' — vents his grievances in the columns of the Russian newspaper *Dni*, which is published for and by exiles, and hence is quite used to grievances, even those of a rather more serious sort. Our critic laments that his trade is getting too crowded now-a-days, because 'musical critics in overabundant numbers have concentrated in Germany, the country of musical overproduction.'

There is, he complains, a region haunted by critics which corresponds to that enchanted realm 'behind the scenes' in a theatre. But 'behind the scenes' with a critic is anything but an enchanted region. The legend proposed for it is paraphrased from Dante's most familiar line: 'All hope abandon of pleasing everybody and doing justice to everyone' — which ought to lay a good deal of flattering unction to the souls of musicians who smart from critical ill-handling. Sometimes, too, our critic confesses, he 'puts down remarks — not criticisms — merely to relieve his feelings,' procedure necessitated by a life 'in which a real musical holiday happens only once in seventy-seven (instead of seven) days, and a year's work is represented by an enormous heap of concert programmes.'

The critic also suffers from the audience — though the only sufferings he dares mention in print are those occasioned by the performers. Concertgoers may be divided into several groups — all objectionable. There are those who beat time with their feet; those who beat time with their hands; those who beat time with their programme rolled into a stick: and those who beat time with a pencil. There is another kind of auditor who buries himself in the score. And the very worst offender is the villain who hums.

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THE FANTASTIC FUTURE

MR. ROY BISHOP, an English poet who devotes himself to satiric verse, has turned his attention to the Sitwells, — Edith, Osbert, and Sacheverell, — a family group who write the most 'radical' verse now appearing, if not in the English language, at least in the British Isles. He calls his parody, which appears in the London *Outlook*, a 'Futuristic Fantasy,' and mercifully appends a glossary — which everyone will agree is badly needed: —

Squandrant, the Homolanglots splayed
Long limbs upon the smesty sand;
And, dingling in the crousous shade
They lay, a feloid bangous band.

Grumtions they owned, and many smeeks,
Whose smagling scoughs were fat and ghark;
And in the squtish huming weeks
Of summer they waxed phote and phark.

GLOSSARY.

SQUANDRANT. — Outstretched in warm sand.
HOMOLANGLOT. — A happy, semihuman kind of shepherd.
SMESTY. — Comforting to the point of irritation.
DINGLING. — Perspiring.
CROUSOUS. — Rocky.
FELOID. — Careless.
BANGOUS. — Fond of puns or other lewd jokes.
GRUMTIONS. — An incontinent type of cattle.
SMEEKS. — Sheep that walk sideways to keep the grit out of their toenails.
SMAGLING. — Spreading.
SCOUGH. — A facial expression.
GHARK. — Shy.
SQUTISH, HUMING. — Both signifying extreme sultriness.
PHOTE. — Lazy.
PHARK. — Happy.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

The River of Life, by J. St. Loe Strachey. London: Hodder and Stoughton; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1924. $5.00.

In the autumn of 1922, Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, the famous editor of the London *Spectator*, began a diary which was intended to amuse his son's convalescence. They had been motoring through France together, and the son, still in perfect health, had been urging that his father catch the flying fancies, 'put a pin through them,' and fasten them down for good and all on fair white paper. To this Mr. Strachey returned the reasonable reply that 'it was a far easier thing to plan books for other people than to write them yourself.'

'But the thing was not to end in a sentence. It popped in and out of my head as we skirted the Auvergne, threaded the mountains and valleys of the Cévennes, and, bursting into the glories of the Rhone Valley, stayed our wheels at Avignon. I was always saying to myself, "That ought to go into the Diary!" Yet I told myself also that it could never be. "There will be no Diary. Of course not: how could there be if I don't write one? And that I shall never do."'

Then came the illness which caused the Diary to be written. Evelyn John St. Loe Strachey, the writer's son, was taken suddenly and dangerously ill in the night. There were three or four days of desperate anxiety before the crisis passed and the motor trip ended in convalescence. When the danger was over, as the elder Strachey explains in a dedicatory letter to his son: 'As I sat in the nuns' garden at the *Clinique* of the Sisters of St. Francis waiting to come on duty, I thought it would please you to bring instead of flowers and books and *gâteaux à la crème*, some specimen-pages of the Diary once in debate — now "a command performance."'

Now, the habit of diary-keeping — as Mr. Strachey has since found out — grows by what it feeds on. Though the convalescence fortunately ended, the Diary — and this was equally fortunate — did not. Instead it went on and on, after a fashion which Mr. Strachey thinks it necessary to call 'digressive and desultory,' but which none of his British reviewers calls anything of the sort, until at length it had become 'the log-book of his mind during a two years' voyage on the River of Life.' Not many log-books can be recommended as literature, but then Mr. Strachey is not the ordinary sea-captain, nor was his voyage by any means usual. Instead it was a voyage that moved in several dimensions, back and forth across the earth and up and down through the centuries. The voyage, happily, is not yet ended, and perhaps some day there will be another log-book.

His book, says Mr. Strachey, —

> was begun partly in the nuns' garden and partly in the inn at Avignon. Some of it first saw the light in a Paris hotel; some in a London nursing-home; some on Welsh mountains; some on our Surrey hills; some in the *Spectator* office; some in two London squares; some in Italy. Some again came to me on the back of a horse; some on the train; some as I walked my Surrey terraces, or my woodland paths.

It is an unusual book, so unusual indeed that the quickest way to give an idea of its savor is to borrow some bits here and there. Let us hear Mr. Strachey discourse of his own profession: —

> The journalist's business is to become impassioned on everything, and so on nothing. You cannot say this is impossible. Why! Mr. Black, Mr. White, Mr. Grey, and the Editor of the *Dictator* do it every week! It is their special power. They, of course, generally write on great themes, but like the great journalists they are, they can, if necessary, lead you breathless and flushed with interest

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through the Elysian Fields of Nothing to the cloud-capped towers of the City of Nowhere. . . .

The best journalist is a man who can become impassioned on the least provocation.

Or let us eavesdrop while Mr. Strachey soliloquizes upon his future travels: —

I can think of a hundred reasons why I may never be able to get to Italy again. For example, I want to go to India, to Rio, to the Cape, to America, to the West Indies, to Madeira, to Egypt, to Palestine, to Greece, to Australia and New Zealand, to Constantinople, to Denmark, to Finland, to Russia, to Sweden, to the North Cape, to Vienna, to Prague, to the High Alps, and to Poland. And I only take one holiday a year and am sixty-four. Therefore, though I am an optimist, I can hardly expect more than twenty years of travel.

Some of the most delightful portions are thumb-nail impressions of great figures from the past, or even paragraphs boldly snipped from their works which fit in with a curious, easy appropriateness among the rest of the Diary, so that the reader stumbles here on a nugget from Sir Thomas Browne, there on a paragraph from Disraeli, and as he reads a little further, on something from Matthew Arnold — all embedded in a matrix of Strachey. Take a few random paragraphs like these: —

It has been said, and as I think most truly, that great men are commoner than great books. Great authors almost always show certain weaknesses in parts of their work, and therefore their works are, taken as a whole, patchy. Almost the only author absolute in her perfection throughout her literary achievement that I can think of is Jane Austen.

A book which can claim the honor of being ranked among the great books of the world must be good throughout, good in the whole, good in the part, good in general structure, good in details. . . .

The season of the snows is upon us, and many a heart is being moved among those to whom the call of the mountains is potent, nay imperative. To lie awake in London and think of the bright, clear air of the Swiss highlands under the moon or the stars, on great fields of snow sparkling in the ardent sunshine of midday, produces a sense of nostalgia which is almost agonizing in its intensity. It is strange that a country which has no mountains of its own should be the home of the race which above all others feels the fascination of the hills. . . .

I have of late been greatly struck by examples of the almost uncanny way in which the poets anticipate the philosophers, and still more the men of science, in what may be called scientific vaticination. By this I mean passionate reaching out after new ideas — a rapid reconnaissance over ground which will later be made good by the men in the laboratory and the observatory and by a patient study of the phenomena. . . .

I have made a discovery. The Kaiser, in his vulgar arrogance, could not conceive even verbal originality. That treasure-house of gay and gallant mysticism, the *Religio Medici*, anticipates him by some two-hundred-and-fifty years. 'This makes me naturally love a soldier and honor those ragged and contemptible regiments that will die at the command of a Sargeant.'

Thus did Browne 'prediscover' the men of Mons. . . .

Wren was one of the harmonic heroes of the world, if there ever was one. Though he wrote his poetry in stone and in brick rather than in iambics or trochaics, he was not only one of the stateliest but one of the most direct, stimulating, and appealing of the poets; one of the noble band who purge our minds, who clear away the storms, and for whom we may thank God when once more the blue appears. Wren is one of the physicians of the soul. . . .

Of Disraeli's maxims, political and social, I never tire. Here are some examples: —

'In his organization there was a deficiency. He was a man without affections, though it would be harsh to say he had no heart, for he was susceptible of great emotions, but not for individuals. . . .

'Next to knowing when to seize an

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opportunity, the most important thing in life is to know when to forgo an advantage. . . .

'Always have distinguished friends. Never have fools for friends, they are of no use.'

One more flower from Selden's wonderful *Hortus Siccus:* —

'The English translation of the Bible is the best translation in the World, and renders the Sense of the Original text, taking in for the English Translation the Bishop's Bible as well as King James's. The Translators in King James's time had an excellent way. That part of the Bible was given to him who was most excellent in such a tongue (as the Apocrypha to Andrew Downs), and then they met together and one read the Translation, the rest holding in their hands some Bible, either of the learned Tongues, or French, Spanish, Italian, etc. If they found any fault they spoke; if not he read on.'

The religion of Christ is a state of being. It is a vision, not a series of observances; a mood of power, not a creed; a quickening of the spirit, not a dogma, or a doctrine. It is the way, the truth, the life — a revelation, an inspiration, an opening of a window in the soul, a new sense, a road to a new Heaven and a new earth. The Kingdom of God is within us. It is a light that lightens us from inside, not from outside. . . .

Matthew Arnold, in 1849, wrote from London: —

'More and more I think ill of the great people here: that is, their two capital faults, stupidity and hardness of heart, become more clear to me. Their faults of character seem to me, as I watch the people in the park, to be the great impairers of English beauty. In the men certainly; for the faces of the handsomest express either a stupid pride or the stupidity without the pride, and the half-alive look of many pretty faces among the women, so different from the Southern languor, points to something very like stupidity.

'Meanwhile thank God there are many honest people on earth and the month of May comes every year.'

My granddaughter of five is as ingenious and as ingenuous as she is beautiful in looks and engaging in manners. To-day she ambushed me with a most attractive suggestion. The conversation turned on Toast, and I idly repeated the old rime about how someone says: —

> Did you ever see the Ghostesses
> A-sitting on the Postesses
> A-eating of buttered Toastesses?

'What are Ghostesses?' asked Susan. I knew at once that I was in for trouble. I ought not to have talked about ghosts. It is a barred subject for fear of terrors 'on the stairs and in the dark' and general folly and confusion.

All I could do was to say that I did n't exactly know, but that anyway they were very nice and particularly kind to little children, to whom indeed it was their invariable custom to offer hot buttered toast. I tried a side issue here and dwelt with unctuous, not to say sodden, greediness on the deliciousness of the bottom piece.

Susan was tactful and polite, but I could see she perfectly realized my embarrassment and my pitiful effort to hide it. Fortunately for me, however, she had got an idea of her own which she much wanted to work off. Therefore she did not expose me. When I lamely paused she said largely, 'Are they Ghosts' wives?' I leaped at the idea as a man in a burning house leaps to catch a rope. Yes, I was sure they were. . . . Thus all ended well and was well.

On October 13, 1922, Mr. Strachey jotted down some extremely sapient observations on the subject of marginal notes. All of us like to scribble on margins. All too few of us accomplish anything by it save the disfigurement of otherwise good books. Yet, as Mr. Strachey observes, there are a happy few whose

> Marginalia are often more than the books they deface and adorn. They are sometimes written, sometimes conveyed by stains of tea, hot buttered toast, spilled ink, candle-droppings, and mere dirty hands. These comments deposited by the unlettered muse are often the most eloquent of all, and show with a deft

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precision the reader's mood. I admit, however, that the easier way is the plain comment in a fairly clear hand. Coleridge was a great annotator, as we know from the passage in which Lamb declares that it was a delight to lend S. T. C. a book. It always came back enriched with priceless Marginalia. Mr. Beckford of Fonthill, the Regency millionaire and author of *Vathek*, was another. That sinister amateur of life and letters (both on the seamy side) filled his stately books with Marginalia. They were not, however, of the easy, spluttering kind; but caustic, concise, and clothed with faultless and majestic phrases. What is stranger, they were written in priceless first editions, bound by the greatest binders of the age to which they belong — tooled and gilded in 'Russia,' and smelling of the bazaars of Ispahan or Teheran. At the great Hamilton sale, one of the events of my youth, Beckford's Library was included, and so tremendous were the Marginalia that even the auctioneer's clerk, in making out the sale catalogue, could not refrain from transcribing some of them. My ears still ring with one of them — but alas! imperfectly. It was in a copy of the *Decline and Fall*. Now, for some reason not easy to fathom, Beckford hated Gibbon, and one day stabbed him with a pencil in his study. I remember the note began in diabolic triumph, 'Ha, ha! Mr. Gibbon!' Mr. Beckford then proceeded to get his prey on his most sensitive spot — his style. He abused it for its easy vulgarity and its mock grandeur, and ended by saying that its tawdry embellishments reminded him of the 'trampled roses of the prostitute.' The well-combed wig was cruelly knocked off that large, kindly, naughty old head, and flung into the kennel with a curse and a leer by this bitter, mordant disputant. Fancy a critic with the tongue of a viper, and £100,000 a year (*vide* Farington's Diary for the exact figures), and with a cold indifference enough not to parade his work to the world! He let his flowers of the margin lie unseen till, as I have noted, the inevitable auctioneer clerk, who, like the Recording Angel, sooner or later comes to all, copied them out in his catalogue 'to be obtained in the saleroom or by application to Messrs. Minstrel and Merlin.'

Such men and their books 'copiously annotated in an old hand,' as the booksellers' catalogues have it, are the Augustans of Marginalia. Yet I find almost as much pleasure in the work of the ladies, old and young, who ornament the novels and poems in seaside circulating libraries or the bookshelves in old-fashioned country houses. I remember well reading a novel — by Ouida, I presume — in which the hero's eyes were described as 'those soft brown eyes that look through you and into the depths of your nature, eyes whose glance may mean life or death.' And opposite in a delicate female hand, evidently not ironic, 'Ah! how true!' I confess, though by nature hard-hearted and inclined to laugh, that 'the page was wet with Strachey's tear.' Poor old maid, her wound may have been as deep and as cruel as that of any of the young gentlemen or ladies who parade 'from London to New England's shores the pageant of a bleeding heart.' To be sallow-faced and timid, disconsidered and ridiculous, provides no armor against fate. As Sydney Smith said so well, 'the curate crushed feels as great a pang as does a Bishop when confuted.'

I recall another naïve feminine marginal note which was purely delightful. It was in Shelley's *Queen Mab*. Opposite one of the dull and labored diatribes against Christianity some good lady had penciled, 'An atheist wrote this.' Obviously! And yet it is explicable in a kind of Irish way. 'The man who wrote this was an atheist. Atheists are admittedly bad men. But we should not attend to what bad men say. Also we ought to warn others against the insidious attacks of atheists. Therefore I, Maria Adelaide, shall as in duty bound put up a warning.' So worked the mind of the lady in the thirties. Bravo! She did what she thought right, and so did Shelley, and both in their several ways went away justified, for both strove to do right as they saw Truth and Righteousness.

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Inevitably Mr. Strachey writes of the true-born Englishman sundry observations which are interesting, however much disagreement they might elicit across the Channel: —

> The Englishman has been called domineering. He is not so in reality, but he is always finding himself in circumstances where action is necessary, where something has got to be done, and where he is the only person who appears able to do it. The French lost India because they forced Brahmin soldiers to dig trenches. They argued logically enough — a soldier must obey orders whatever they are. We gained India because we scratched our heads and said: 'Well, here's a pretty state of things. Still, soldier or no soldier, if a man says his caste will be broken by digging earth, it would n't be fair to make him do it.'

British reviewers have been uniformly laudatory of Mr. Strachey's Diary. J. A. Spender, the veteran Liberal journalist who has battled with the Conservative editor of the *Spectator* on many a stricken field, writes generously, in the *Westminster Gazette:* 'It is, in fact, a delightful anthology of good stories and charming quotations,' and closes his article with the words: 'He writes delightfully and has given me many pleasant hours — so that I look hopefully for the next installment.'

'Affable Hawk,' in the *New Statesman*, describes the book thus: —

> *The River of Life* is half a commonplace book, half a reflective diary. Its attractiveness as a commonplace book is that the quotations are out of the way; its merit as a reflective diary, that the writer is candid and animated. Mr. Strachey is widely read, and therefore in his pages one finds many sayings and quotations one has not come across, but he is hardly philosopher enough to keep a reflective diary in public. Few men can do this — only men whose life is a desperate hunt for conclusions, and in whom at the same time the desire to systematize is not strong. I can imagine either Nietzsche or Coleridge keeping year after year a diary in public, every page of which would be exciting. But in the case of most men of even extremely active mind such a diary can be formed only out of selections from entries scattered over many years. Mr. Strachey's book is the fruit of only two years. At the end of Mr. Elliot's edition of *Mill's Letters* there is the record of an experiment. For a good many days in succession Mill wrote down one thought a day, in order to discover how much value such impromptu reflections would have. The average is surprisingly good, but he did not keep it up for long.

No less a person than Walter de la Mare, writing in Mr. Strachey's own *Spectator*, declares him 'generous in his admirations, mercurial in mood,' one who 'would rather be boldly wrong than timidly, cautiously correct. He finds this mortal existence endlessly exciting; inexhaustibly unexpected; and though he is no stranger to dreaming, life and its activities are apt at times to keep him almost too wide-awake. His hatred of the dogmatic does not prevent him from dogmatizing; but he is no admirer of that gravity which is merely, as Rochefoucauld says, a mystical behavior in the body intended to set off defects of the mind.'

Mr. de la Mare, however, finds *The River of Life* rather a strange book for an Englishman to have written: —

> In a short story by Nicholas Gogol, one of the characters expatiates on a state or frame of mind which, he says, is sweeter to a Russian than anything conceivable — when you just think, that is, of nothing, while ideas come into being of themselves, each in turn pleasanter than that which has gone before, and without the labor of your hastening them on, or even of looking for them.
>
> Such minds as Aksakov's, Chekhov's,— and Turgenev's, too,— seem to have been able to relapse at will into this state of serene, receptive quiescence, wherein consciousness resembles a pool of water in some green corner of the meadows, wild flowers on its margin — dragon fly, thistledown, and popping fish, clouds floating in the blue, an occasional zephyr rippling

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the surface, and a naiad venturing down out of the woods with other timid wild things to sip of its coolness.

In England, however, though complete vacuity of mind is not unknown among us, this pastime is called daydreaming, and is frowned at by the serious and the active and the practical as a mere indulgence. The busy bee, the nursery assured us, *improves* the shining hour — and needs to in this climate. Life in these Western parts is not only real, but earnest. Nevertheless, here is a book, and a book by a serious, active, practical writer ('not unfamiliar' to readers of the *Spectator*), which positively parades the joys of this haphazard, go-as-you-please, I'd be-a-butterfly Tom-Tiddlerism. And 'by all above,' he exclaims on his title-page, 'these blenches gave my heart another youth.'

But how net in and weave together things of the mind so wayward and capricious? There could hardly be a more accommodating means of lying in wait for them than that which Mr. Strachey has actually chosen: a 'Diary' — a diary desultory as the pollen-bearing wind, the sport of time and place and inclination. It is a diary packed and voluminous, even though it represents, with varying intervals between the entries, no more than about two years in all, verging so close at last on the dreadful Now as July 5, 1924.

The *Saturday Review* complains that 'the books which Mr. Strachey has been reading furnish a larger proportion of his material than the persons or places that he has seen during these eventful years. The contagious enthusiasm which he brings to the description of Provence or Italy, and the romantic daydreams which he occasionally pauses to chronicle, will dispose many readers to wish that the ratio were inverted.' But 'The Saturday' is generous: 'Readers of all tastes . . . may find in this entertaining miscellany something to delight, interest, and instruct them.' The lingering flavor of Victorianism in that sentence is just what the *Saturday Review* stands for — and the opinion is perfectly fair to Mr. Strachey.

✽

BOOKS MENTIONED

WERKMANN, KARL. *Aus Kaiser Karls Nachlass.* Munich: Verlag für Kulturpolitik, 1924.

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NEW TRANSLATIONS

STERNHEIM, CARL. *Fairfax.* Translated from the German by Alfred B. Kuttner. New York: A. A. Knopf, 1924. $7.50.

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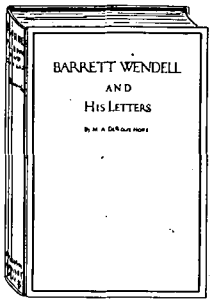
Glimpses of New Atlantic Books

BARRETT WENDELL
AND HIS LETTERS
By M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE



(*Commenting on* COOLIDGE)
I incline to think that he may turn out to be a Yankee Lincoln — a local lawyer large enough to handle things memorably.

(*Commenting on* HENRY CABOT LODGE)
I not only like him personally, to the point of affection, but I confidently believe him a man of simple and genuine public spirit. His experience is very great; he knows a good deal more than most men have forgotten; and he thinks not with a politician's adroitness but with our nearest approach to the foresight of a statesman.

(*Commenting on* PROHIBITION)
I am inclined to think intoxicants the social sedative which has kept Western society from exploding. They anæsthetize discontent. National Prohibition I rather expect to blow things up at any time.

The *Portland Oregonian* says: "Both the man and his ideas are here. Letters charming, informative, provocative, filled with witty and pungent comment — more fascinating than what is commonly called creative literature."

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"LOUDER PLEASE!"
By EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

MY life seems full of turning points, not realized at the time, but which have determined its course just as surely as the chance pebble alters the course of the brook that is on its way to become a river. No incident had more influence than the fact that a young man in the freight department of the Baltimore & Ohio at Philadelphia became dissatisfied with the outlook offered by a railroad life. One day he asked for a holiday and came to New York to look over the field. . . . Thus I became acquainted with Ralph Holden. . . . Deafness supervised my education, selected my job, chose my friends, influenced my choice of a wife, and now figured in the making of my final business connection, hovering over my life like Fate in Greek tragedy, but on the whole behaving very well. (*Chapter XXII*)

An autobiography any part of which we could read with intense enjoyment.
— *Philadelphia North American*

Illustrated. $2.50

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

THE anonymous writers of European political articles usually have the best of reasons for craving anonymity's convenient shade or the friendly veil of a pseudonym. By a conventional rule of the foreign press, three stars as a signature usually indicate a writer of masonic sympathies — but not always, for the astute person who in this number of the *Living Age* sums up the political situation in Germany has obvious Clerical leanings. ¶The **'Two Italian Liberals'** courageously offered to sign their article 'Fascism on Trial,' but were in their own interests dissuaded from doing so by Mr. Wickham Steed, former editor of the *Times*, now editor of the *Review of Reviews*, from which we clip this excellent contribution. It is worth remembering that unpleasant revelations as to the domestic situation in Italy, which he made abroad, were the head and front of the unfortunate Signor Matteotti's offending. ¶**Italo Zingarelli** is Vienna correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera*, the famous Liberal daily of Milan. Rumors of renewed Monarchist activities in Hungary have appeared coincidently with the publication of *Aus Kaiser Karls Nachlass*, the selections from the writings of the late Emperor Charles reviewed in this article. Pending the probable appearance of an English translation at some later date, subscribers who read German will be able to secure the original from the Verlag für Kulturpolitik, Munich.

P. Gentizon writes on the tangled skein of Near Eastern politics with the authority of a member of *Le Temps* staff who specializes in foreign affairs. Though his newspaper is pretty generally believed to express French official opinion, M. Gentizon, in writing his article for *L'Illustration*, avoids expressions of opinion and sticks to the facts. ¶**A. Hyatt Verrill** is a visiting scientist who is an occasional contributor to the Chilean press. ¶Long a special student of Hardy's novels and their rural background, **F. J. Harvey Darton** writes with full knowledge of Wessex people and places. In a recent book he deals with *The Marches of Wessex*. His illustrator, F. Robson, is a British artist who has exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Harry Harper has been writing about airplanes since they first began to fly. Most of his books have been written in collaboration with the English pioneer aviator Claude Grahame-White. Their volume on *The Aeroplane in War*, which appeared in 1912, contained many prophecies which the World War brought to startling and speedy fulfillment. A good deal of unconscious grimness lurks in one chapter-heading of this interesting study: 'Two hundred machines at the end of 1911; a thousand promised by the year 1914.'

Pearl S. Buck is a veteran in the Chinese mission-field. ¶**Helen Graham** is an observer of English provincial life, which she reports with a humorous appreciation of its quaintness that does not neglect its charm. ¶**Jaap Kool** is a German musician broad-minded enough to like old and new at the same time. ¶**Queen Marie of Rumania**, popularly known as 'the mother-in-law of the Balkans,' is not merely a queen, but the mother of queens. One of her daughters is the wife of King George of Greece, now an exile. Another is Queen of Yugoslavia. And gossips in the Balkans point out that King Boris of Bulgaria is a bachelor. A journalist describing Queen Marie once declared that for her 'literature was not a vehicle of self-expression, not even, primarily, a road to fame, but just a safety valve, like her painting, like her horseback-riding.' But whatever it may be for Her Majesty, this example of her writing is extremely entertaining reading for the rest of us.

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COMING EVENTS ABROAD

EARLY in March, Holland, long famous for its love of tulips, will open an International Flower Exhibition at Heemstedé, a suburb of Haarlem, which will continue for three months. The exhibition will occupy more than sixteen hectares in the Groenendaal park, and the central Hall (70 x 40 metres) will contain specimens of the world's most precious flowers, especially orchids, azaleas, and palms, large quantities of which are to be sent by the famous Belgian nurseries of Ghent.

French officials, in endeavoring to make clear the new law relative to the *Permis de séjour*, which all foreigners must secure, are emphasizing the fact that it will cause no special inconvenience to tourists. Simple presentation of passport at one's hotel suffices to secure a receipt which is legally recognized as adequate until the permanent card is finally received. French winter sports will go merrily on in March despite the approach of spring. Luchon-Superbagnères schedules ice hockey, bobsleighing for the Second Cup of the President of the Republic, ski races for the championships of Bigorre and Comminges, and a special 'Easter fortnight' — all this between February 15 and March 15. Font Romeu will continue winter sports until March 15.

In Paris there will be an exhibition of monotypes and engravings at Le Nouvel Essor from February 21 to March 7, and an exhibition by Belgian artists, which will begin on March 20 and continue until April 4. The Galerie Visconti will show paintings by Albert Huyot until March 5.

The Entreprise Générale de Décoration Intérieure Moderne will exhibit carpets throughout the month.

A group of twenty artists will show paintings, sculptures, and decorations at the Galerie Simonson until March 14. This will be followed three days later by an exhibit of paintings by Parker and Hill, and of water colors by Gueldry. The Galerie Druet will show the work of Mme. Marval and Henri de Waroquier from February 23 to March 6, and the Galerie Joseph Billiet will continue its exhibit by the American painter and sculptor, George Biddle, until March 10. From March 23 until April 6 it will have an exhibit by twelve French artists, and an exhibit by G. H. Sabbach and Lucie Cousturier March 9 to 20.

The winter lectures of the Université des Annales will continue through March.

In the South of France merriment never ceases. Mid-Lenten festivities at Nice will include a third battle of flowers with distribution of banners, and a Grand White Redoute at the Casino Municipal (white costumes only) on March 19. Among the month's sports will be an international regatta organized by the Club Nautique de Nice, championship fencing-matches organized by the Comité International d'Escrime and patronized by the Comité des Fêtes et des Sports. The Société des Courses de Nice will sponsor horse-racing, and there will be a second international tennis-tournament for the championship of Southern France at the Nice Tennis Club March 9–15. The Société Canine announces a dog show March 7–9. Automobile events begin February 26 and continue until March 7.

At Menton there will be motor-cycle races and a night festival in the Bay of Garavan.

At Cannes there will be a motor show March 9 to 16, and tennis-matches championship for the Côte d'Azur (Cannes Lawn Tennis Club) March 16 to 23, followed by matches for the Cannes championship at the Beau-Site from the twenty-third to twenty-ninth. The sailing regatta will take place from the eighteenth to the twenty-fifth, and a motor-boat meeting on the twenty-eighth.

Hyères-les-Palmiers, the southernmost point of the Riviera, announces a March event which ought to interest traveling Americans — nothing less than 'An Evening with Uncle Sam in 1830,' at the Grand Casino. There will also be a Provençal 'Felibrejado,' a redoute, and horse-racing.

Eastertide always brings to London a number of interesting events, chiefly survivals of times past. Among these is the annual 'greeze,' or tossing of the pancake at Westminster School — with the subsequent scramble of the schoolboys — on Shrove Tuesday. On Maunday Thursday the Royal Maundy — distribution of gifts to as many poor men and poor women as the King has lived years — takes place in Westminster Abbey, and on Good Friday the distribution of widows' dole at Saint Bartholomew's. On Easter Tuesday Bach's Passion music is given at Saint Paul's, and the 'Spital Sermon' is preached at Christ Church, Newgate, the first Wednesday after Easter Week.

English sporting events will include the Oxford-Cambridge boat race, the Inter-University Athletic Sports, and the Amateur Boxing Championships, all of which take place shortly before Easter.

In Italy, Palermo promises March Carnival festivities, which include horse-racing at the Favorita Track, an automobile salon, and a dance at the Massimo Theatre, but no definite dates are yet announced. In Syracuse there will be Greek plays at the famous open-air Greek theatre.

During the month there will be international football-matches at Turin, flower shows, pageants, and a popular-songs contest at Abbazia, horse-racing at Monza, and the annual horse fair at Verona.

As the season wanes for winter sports, Switzerland has other offerings. There will be two performances of Handel's Messiah at the Basel Cathedral on March 28 and 29. The Ski Club Alpina will hold its annual races sometime during the month, and horse races are also scheduled.

The month's chief event of interest to tourists in Japan is the state ceremony of Shunki Koorei Sai (the Feast of the Vernal Equinox), which will be observed at Tokyo March 21. The Imperial Diet will be in session until the latter part of the month.

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The Permanent Court of International Justice
and the Question of American Participation
By Manley O. Hudson

This is the first book published in America concerning the organization and work of the new World Court. Mr. Hudson was a member of the Legal Section of the Secretariat of the League of Nations while the Statute of the Court was being drafted in 1920 and while the judges were being elected in 1921 and 1923. With contacts enabling him to follow the Court from its inception, he writes as a careful student of its three years of history. $4.00

Men and Policies
By Elihu Root

Now in its second impression, this volume has immediately appealed to every thoughtful citizen of the Republic as an admirable expression of contemporary statesmanship as well as of our permanent national ideals. Mr. Root has gathered here his tributes to Roosevelt and other Americans; later sections preserve his speeches on law and its administration, on the war and readjustment, and on the Permanent Court of International Justice. $5.00

Folk-Songs of the South
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Popular songs gathered from the descendants of the Scotch-Irish pioneers in the southern Appalachians; poetry that has the ring of an axe against the trees on the mountainside. Illustrations and music. $5.00

Changing Ireland
By Norreys J. O'Conor

"The essentials of the Irish spirit in literature have been admirably analyzed by Mr. O'Conor, and especially he has illustrated them by numerous selections skillfully chosen from writers of past and present both." — Gamaliel Bradford, in *New York Evening Post*. $2.50

Getting A Laugh
By Charles Hall Grandgent

"If the tense modern American busy man wishes to unbend, let him dip into these chapters and he will smile as over Leacock and laugh as out of Pickwick." — *America*. Second Impression now ready. $2.00

William Dean Howells
By Oscar W. Firkins

A critical study of Howells's work, with chapters on his life. "I wish that Mr. Howells might have lived to see the brilliantly written book by Professor Firkins which the Harvard University Press has just issued in singularly attractive form. . . . Mr. Firkins gives us charming and novel glimpses of the Howells country. He is at his best in his account of Howells's boyhood and his apprenticeship to literature, in the discussion of Howells's relations with Mark Twain, in the summary of Howells's favorite themes, in the analysis of the element of sadness in the novelist's prose and verse, in the distinction he makes between Howells's earlier and later realism, and in the discussion of his ethics and sense of decorum. The brief closing chapters on 'Humor' and 'The Future' are admirable in their suggestiveness. They could not have been written except by an author of rich endowments both of insight and of expression. With quotable metaphors and phrases the book is packed."— Bliss Perry, in *New York Sun*. $4.00

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WHY WE ARE HERE

WHY do we occupy this page each week?

Chiefly, because we like to talk to readers of the Living Age about Scribner's Magazine.

A magazine exists for the audience it maintains.

And it maintains its audience by the worth of the material between its covers.

Reputation is nice to have. But it is only something that is injured if it is not upheld and enhanced.

One doesn't enjoy reading a magazine with a brilliant future behind it.

But we believe the present is with us and not fifty years in advance, and the future joyously ahead as something to be experienced.

And so, we talk to you about the current number of Scribner's Magazine and the numbers which are to come.

We believe that you are people to whom Scribner's Magazine can mean a great deal. And we present our case to you without hammer and tongs, or pyrotechnics, and with as few superlatives as we know how, believing in the philosophy of understatement.

And so, we tell you that the Scribner's Magazine now on the news stands contains the first of John Hays Hammond's story of our pioneer days, "Strong Men of the Wild West";

And Stanislaw Gutowski's thoughtworthy article "An Immigrant at the Crossroads" (we almost wrote "cross-words", which demonstrates the value of publicity).

Ellsworth Huntington, biological authority, contributes an autopsy on Russia, with the verdict "death by suicide."

Gamaliel Bradford psychographs Edwin Booth.

W. J. Henderson finds some virtue in jazz.

Albert Guérard finds many interesting things to say about the presidency.

Thomas Boyd, Mary Gordon, and Kyle Chrichton have good stories to tell.

* * *

And the March number presents "Mrs. Gardner and Her Masterpiece: the Gift of Fenway Court to the Public" by Elizabeth Ward Perkins, another of John Hays Hammond's interesting narratives with attendant observations on law in the Wild West and at present, and many other features.

* * *

And we have talked enough for this week.

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